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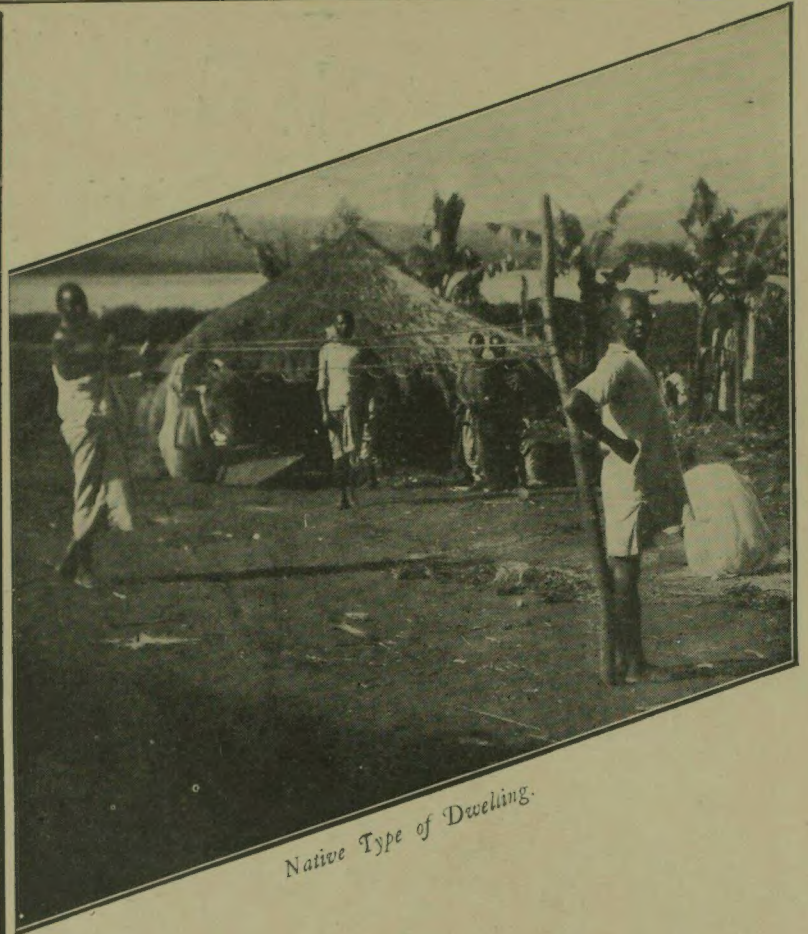
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1930.

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A FATAL COLLISION AT COWES PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT: "LULWORTH" (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT) SEEN COLLIDING WITH THE 12-METRE "LUCILLA," WHICH IS JUST HEELING OVER.

The general elation that was felt at "Britannia's" success in winning her two-hundredth prize in the first event of the Royal Yacht Squadron for yachts exceeding 21 metres, on August 6, was marred by the tragic collision that occurred, when Mr. Alexander Paton's big cutter "Lulworth," which was sailing in the same race, collided with Mr. Lauriston Lewis's 12-metre yacht "Lucilla." "Lucilla"

was sunk with the loss of one of her crew. Those on board her had just time to scramble along the bowsprit shrouds and reach "Lulworth's" deck before "Lucilla" sank. The King, who, in "Britannia," was too far ahead to observe the mishap, expressed deep sympathy, and at his suggestion the Squadron flag and the yachts' flags were lowered to half-mast. "Cambria" is seen on the left.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SAW in a newspaper lately a fine example of what Matthew Arnold called the something that infects the world, and for which I have here humbly but persistently tried to provide a disinfectant. At least, what seems to me to infect the modern world is a sort of swollen pride in the possession of Modern Thought or Free Thought or Higher Thought, combined with a comparative neglect of Thought. So long as certain atmospheric phrases are adopted, or avoided, it does not seem to matter so much what is the actual substance of the statement. Certain turns of diction are marked down as progressive or provocative or obstructive or complimentary or uncomplimentary, long before anybody troubles to consider the smaller problem of whether they are true. And one of the worst results is this: that any man can be held up to scorn as a fanatic or a fool, merely for saying that his own conception of truth is true, with the obvious and inevitable inference that the opposite conception is false.

Thus, in a newspaper debate upon Spiritualism, to which I referred recently, a distinguished Anglican clergyman stated it as his opinion that Spiritualism was a menace to the Church. I have no right to speak for or against him on that point; more especially as it is not my Church. But what struck me as extraordinary was this: that a Spiritualist instantly sprang forward and gave him the lie, and then added insult to injury in the form of an insult that actually contradicted the contradiction. Pale with passion, so to speak, the Spiritualist hurled his contradiction at the clergyman: "Spiritualism is in no sense a menace to the Church!" He then added, somewhat abruptly, not to say inconsequently: "It is a menace to the erroneous teaching upheld by the Church throughout the centuries." Now, I think it would be thought a little odd if I were to say to the Spiritualist: "I am in no sense an opponent of your Spiritualism; I am only an opponent of everything you have been preaching ever since you were born." And the contradiction in this case comes pretty near to such a parallel. At any rate, without further explanation or distinction, without some definition of what and how much of the teaching is erroneous, it would seem that the original disclaimer is rather of the nature of an undeserved compliment. Why should not the Spiritualist menace the Church, if the chief thing that strikes him about it is that the Church's doctrines are erroneous in every age? Why should he be ashamed of being a menace to a menace; to something that menaces the whole world with erroneous doctrines?

But I only ask this mild and respectful question here, not so much as a part of the quarrel about Spiritualism, as because it illustrates an odd habit that appears in connection with many modern quarrels. I could never, at any time understand why there is supposed to be something insolent and intolerant about a man asserting that he has the Truth, and therefore proposes to persuade as many people as possible that it is the Truth. I do not blame the Spiritualist for saying that Spiritualism is the Truth, if he believes it. I should not blame him for trying to substitute it everywhere for everything that he considers erroneous doctrine. I should not blame him for menacing any Church which he identifies with

erroneous doctrine. But there is undoubtedly a general idea that there is something narrow or even ferocious about such an intention. There is a general prejudice against any such resolute purpose of persuasion, as if it were persecution. Suppose that I should found a new sect to-morrow, for any religious purpose you like; let us say for the worship of the statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. It would be a much nicer sort of worship than that which has been the basis of many powerful and prosperous

meaning of All. The Peter Pantheists could not be blamed if they tried to proclaim their good news to all. But, as current sceptical prejudice runs at present, they would probably be stopped by the police, and taken away to the lock-up for being in a state of conviction.

Now, I willingly admit, accepting the same parable, that the case would be very different if they went out with spears and swords to conquer Kensington Gardens, or dared to nourish vast imperial designs of annexing Hyde Park. It would be different if they pulled down the Albert Memorial, as a golden idol like the golden calf, the image of a rival god. The action, however artistically advantageous, would certainly be spiritually provocative. It would be different if they marched boldly out into the high road, and with fanatical massacres gave a new meaning to the terrible title of Kensington Gore. It would be different if their frenzied assaults awakened that ancient chivalry that is presumably concealed under the name of Knightsbridge. I do not say that even the ethics of this sort of Jihad, or Crusade, are quite so easy to settle as the superficially enlightened sometimes suppose. But at least it would be a very different thing, and an extremely annoying thing; and we could not be surprised if the inhabitants of Kensington and Knightsbridge were very much annoyed. What I complain of is that Kensington and Knightsbridge are so often annoyed at the mere fact that the Peter Pantheists believe in Peter Pantheism; that they think it is true and hope to explain to everybody that it is true. I could quote any number of instances in which proclamations, that amount to no more than this, have been solemnly denounced in newspapers as "insolent claims" or "arrogant exhibitions of bigotry." If we are not all trying to convince the world of the truth of our convictions, what in the world are we doing; or why in the world do we call them our convictions at all?

Nor shall we, if we are lucid and logical, conceal the fact that advancing our own convictions does mean menacing or attacking other people's convictions. But we shall remember that this is a very different thing from wantonly attacking other people. Doubtless the modern instinct is true enough, so far as it implies that our propaganda will generally be more effective if it is not offensive. The New Pan will be wise if he does not limit himself to producing

panic; and the New Peter would act on old and good authority if he put up his sword. But that has nothing to do with the right of the Peter Pantheist, or any person firmly believing in any faith, to set forth resolutely to make it the faith of humanity. If he has not the right to preach it to everybody, he has not the right to preach it at all, or even to hold it at all. So far as this argument is concerned, it applies to the Spiritualists, with whom I do not agree, as much as to the anti-Spiritualists, or those of them with whom I do agree; and I may add that there are a very large number of anti-Spiritualists with whom I totally disagree. But as the whole controversy seems to be clouded with this curious prejudice, to the effect that any man must be wrong merely because he thinks he is right, I think it worth while, as a preliminary to all other discussions, to enter a protest against it.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

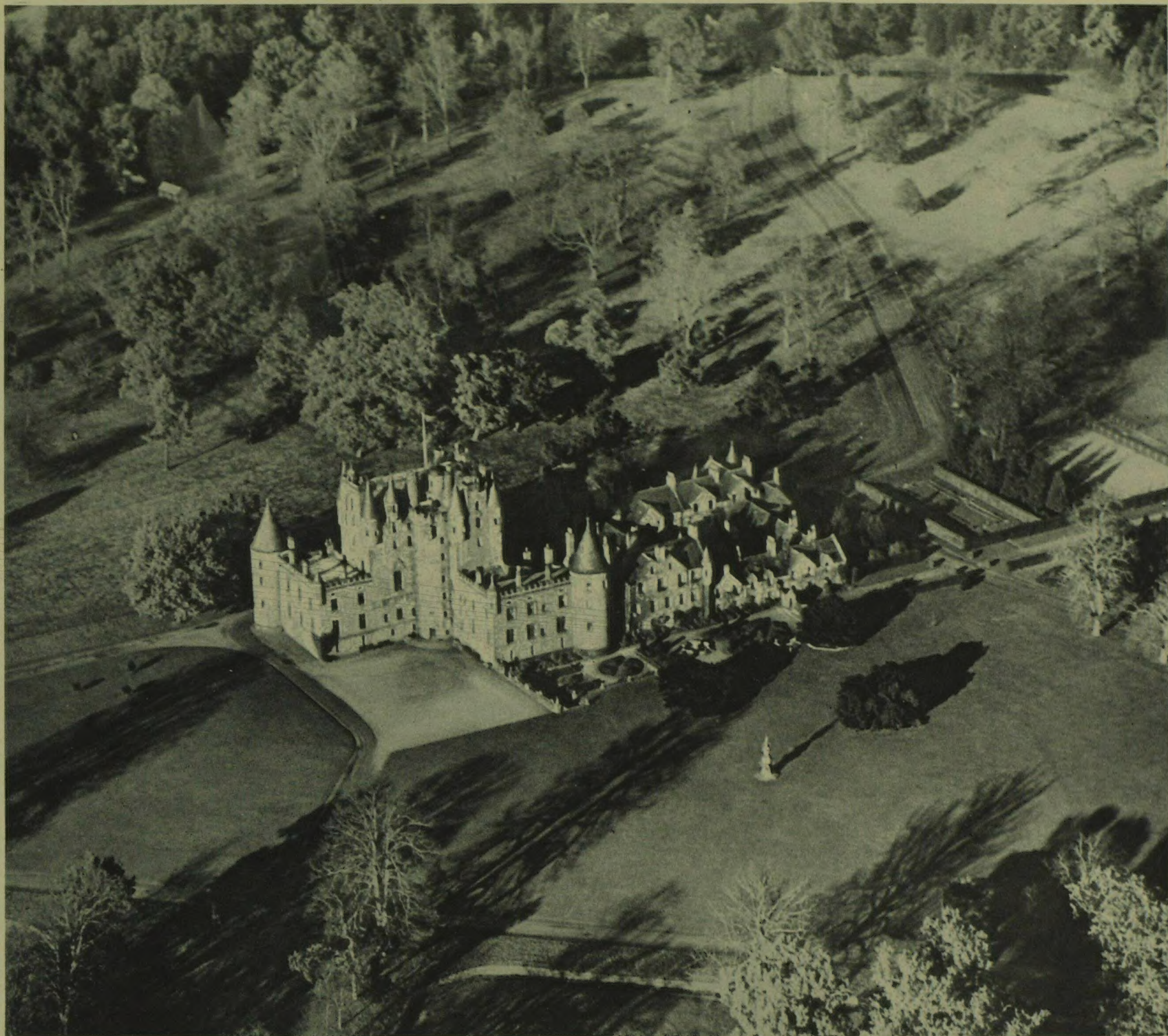
When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

sects. It would be in the Spirit of the Age, in a much more decent and agreeable sense than many movements that claim that spirit; such as those intensely modern movements that propose to go back to Adam in the matter of clothes, or to Solomon in the matter of marriage. It would really embody one of the few ideas that are modern and also mystical, and one of the very few ideas that are modern and also true. It would correspond to a real imaginative instinct of our time, which has produced some of its happiest poetry and philosophy; the sense of the lessons to be learnt from the Child, and sometimes even from the Holy Child. It would be a far from meaningless diversion if enthusiasts ran through the woods blowing horns and clashing cymbals, and crying aloud the new message: "Pan is dead, but Peter Pan is alive." But, after all, the very name of Pan would be enough to remind us of its original

GLAMIS—FROM THE AIR: A CENTRE OF THE EMPIRE'S INTEREST.

AIR VIEW BY "AEROFILMS," HENDON.



THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK: AN AIR VIEW OF HISTORIC GLAMIS CASTLE; SHOWING THE CLUSTER OF "TURRETS, BARTIZANS, AND EXTINGUISHER ROOFS" ADMIRER BY SIR WALTER SCOTT; WALLED GARDENS; AND THE DELIGHTFUL PARK.



PICTURESQUE
GLAMIS
VILLAGE: A
HAMLET
THAT OWES
TO ITS
CONNECTION
WITH THE
ANCESTRAL
HOME OF THE
DUCHESS OF
YORK THE
UNUSUAL
NUMBER OF
INTERESTED
VISITORS IT
HAS RECEIVED
OF LATE.



IN SCOTLAND IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY: MR. J. R. CLYNES, THE HOME SECRETARY, PHOTOGRAPHED AT AIRLIE CASTLE, NEAR GLAMIS.

The Home Secretary, accompanied by Mr. H. R. Boyd, the Ceremonial Secretary to the Home Office, arrived at Glamis Station on August 5, and drove to Airlie Castle, the residence of the Dowager Countess of Airlie, a picturesque stronghold eight miles from Glamis. His presence in Scotland in his constitutional capacity was necessitated by the law which ordains that the Home Secretary shall be in attendance on the occasion of the birth of any child which may come to stand in direct succession to the Throne. Glamis Castle, in Forfarshire, it will be remembered, is the ancestral home of the Earls of Strathmore and Kinghorne,

the family of the Duchess of York, and is a castle of unique historic interest, both for its own history and the treasures it houses. It was there, according to the chronicler Fordoun, that King Malcolm II. of Scotland was murdered in 1034, while Macbeth was called "Thane of Glamis." Among other notable historical relics, it boasts Claverhouse's portrait and his buff coat, and a famous old sun-dial. As soon as the Duchess of York went into residence there, preparations were made so that any news from the Castle could be sent with the utmost dispatch to the King and Queen.

"SERIOUS, BUT NOT ALARMING": SCENES OF AFRIDI CONTRASTS OF PRIMITIVE AFRIDI "FORTS"

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 3 BY DR. MARTIN HEUHMANN. NO. 2 REPRODUCED FROM "BEYOND KHYBER PASS," BY

RAIDS ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER NEAR PESHAWAR. AND MODERN SCIENTIFIC DEFENCES.

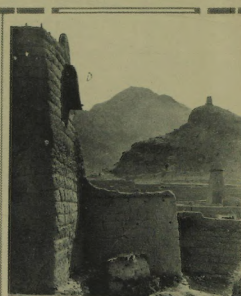
LOWELL THOMAS, BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK AND LONDON.



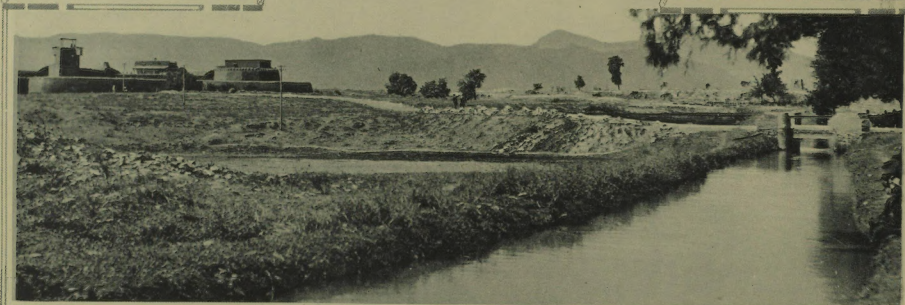
1. A FORTRESS-LIKE AFRIDI HOMESTEAD WITH ITS TOWER: A TYPE OF DWELLING NECESSARY IN A LAND OF VENDETTAS, FEUDS, AND RAIDS.



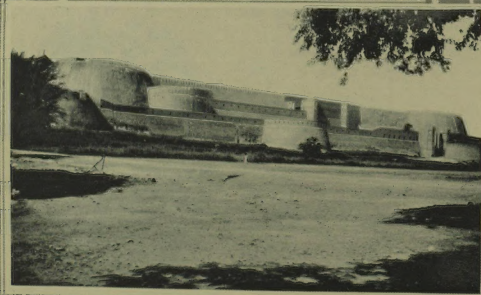
2. AT THE INDEPENDENT ADAM KHEL AFRIDI CAPITAL OF KHUI: A TYPICAL GROUP OF AFRIDI WARRIORS, WITH ONE OF THE FIRST TWO WESTERNERS TO VISIT IT IN FORTY YEARS.



3. A FORTIFIED AFRIDI VILLAGE, BUILT OF CLAY IN PRIMITIVE STYLE, IN THE KHYBER PASS: TYPICAL DWELLINGS OF A WARLIKE TRIBE.



4. A SCENE OF RECENT FIGHTING AGAINST AFRIDI TRIBESMEN MAKING INCURSIONS INTO THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE OF INDIA: BARA FORT, SIX MILES SOUTH-EAST OF PESHAWAR.



5. PESHAWAR FORT: THE BRITISH MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN THAT CITY AND THE BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST THE INCURSIONS OF AFRIDI TRIBESMEN.



6. IN THE CANTONMENTS AT PESHAWAR: AN AIR VIEW OF BUILDINGS IN THE BRITISH QUARTER OF THE CITY NESTLING AMONG TREES.



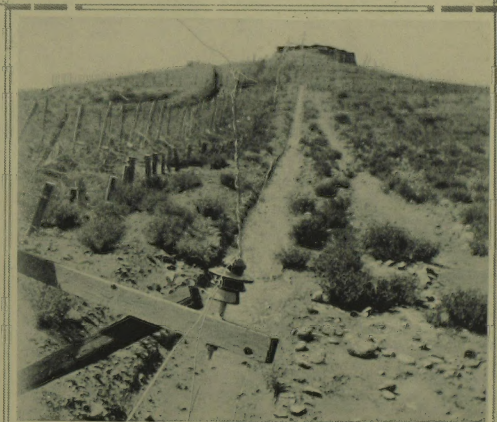
7. WIRES (TO BE ELECTRIFIED FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES) BEING LAID IN THE KABUL RIVER, AS SEEN FROM A BLOCKHOUSE FIFTY FEET ABOVE: AN INCIDENT TYPICAL OF MEASURES TAKEN AGAINST ATTACKS OF AFRIDI TRIBESMEN DURING THE RECENT DISTURBANCES ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.



8. FROM THE ENEMY'S SIDE: THE EXTERIOR OF A BRITISH BLOCKHOUSE ON THE INDIAN NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, OUTSIDE PESHAWAR, SHOWING THE TRESTLE GATEWAY, WHICH IS CLOSED AT NIGHT.



9. MEN OF THE NATIVE LABOUR CORPS FIRING BARBED WIRE ON THE AFRIDI SIDE OF THE ELECTRIFIED LINE: DEFENSIVE WORK NEAR PESHAWAR.

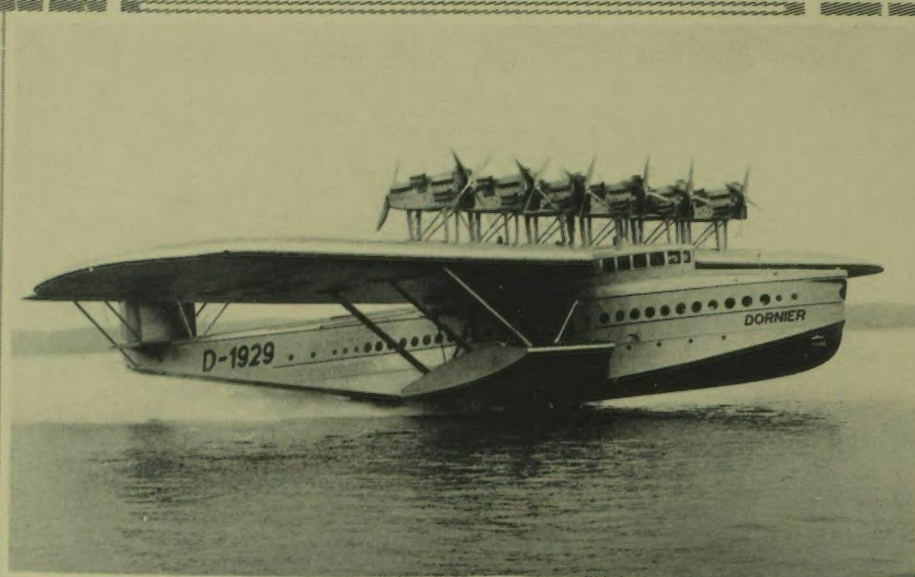


10. AN ELECTRIFIED LINE CARRYING STRONG CURRENT FOR PROTECTIVE PURPOSES OUTSIDE THE BLOCKHOUSES: DEFENCES AGAINST THE AFRIDIS, WHOSE COUNTRY IS BEYOND THE BARBED WIRE ON THE LEFT.

It was stated on August 12 that the situation at Peshawar, on the North-West Frontier of India, had been officially admitted in Whitehall to be "serious, but not alarming." There was every indication that, unless the Afridis were largely reinforced, their effort would prove futile. At the moment of writing, it has been reported that hundreds of the tribesmen had been killed or wounded in the fighting, but that their forces were still hoping to enter the city, and were also planning an attack on the neighbouring town of Nowshera, some twenty-four miles away. British armoured cars were patrolling the road between the two places, and on August 11 an armoured train arrived in Peshawar. The present rising, it may be recalled, began early this month. A message from Simla, on the 7th, said that between 5000 and 10,000 Afridis had that morning assembled at the lower end of the Bara Valley, some fifteen miles from Peshawar, and that, after warnings, they had been bombed by two squadrons of R.A.F. aeroplanes, while cavalry searched the neighbouring villages.

On the 10th it was reported that a large number of Afridis had reached the outskirts of Peshawar the previous night, and concealed themselves in gardens. They fired on a patrol of the Poona Horse and then approached a military supply depot near Peshawar City Station, where they were engaged by cavalry and artillery, with aeroplanes co-operating. That night small parties of Afridis approached the gates and walls of Peshawar, but attempts to creep in were repulsed, and those who took refuge in surrounding gardens were shelled. Firing continued from Peshawar Fort on August 11. In his book, "Beyond Khyber Pass," from which comes photograph No. 2, Mr. Lowell Thomas writes: "Major Francis Yeats-Erown and the author were the first Westerners to visit the independent Adam Khel Afridi capital of Khui in forty years. . . . The Afridis live in the grim country of the Kohat Pass and in the Tirah region. The blood of fighting men is in their veins. From the thick mud forts where they dwell, they emerge from time to time to carry on bitter feuds with neighbouring tribes."

YACHT AMENITIES IN A GIANT FLYING-BOAT: INSIDE THE "DO.X."



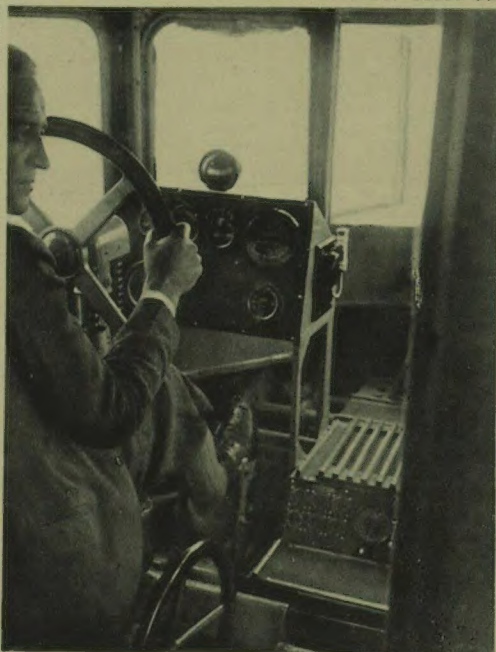
RE-ENGINEED AND PREPARING FOR EXHIBITION FLIGHTS: THE HUGE 34-TON GERMAN FLYING-BOAT, THE DORNIER "DO.X.," TAKING-OFF FROM THE WATER.



AS IN A YACHT, OR A LUXURIOUS RAILWAY RESTAURANT-CAR: THE DINING-SALOON IN THE "DO.X."



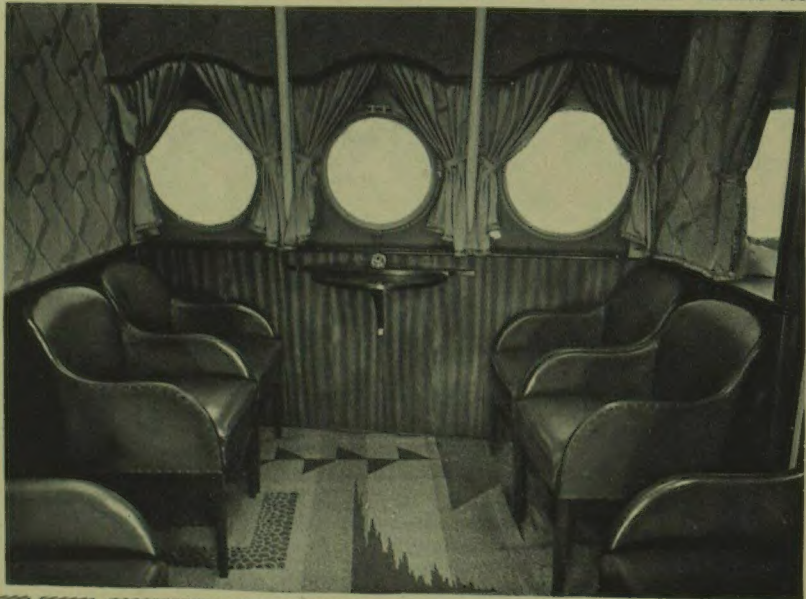
SPECIALLY ARRANGED AND PROVIDED WITH A TYPEWRITER: A "BUSINESS" CORNER OF THE PASSENGER SALOON.



IN A PILOT'S CABIN OF THE FLYING-BOAT "DO.X.": ONE OF THE TWO PILOTS AT THE WHEEL.



SHOWING ITS ENORMOUS SIZE, BY COMPARISON WITH THE MAN ON BOARD: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE FLYING-BOAT'S BOWS.



A COSY CORNER IN THE PASSENGER QUARTERS OF THE FLYING-BOAT: THE REST ROOM ON BOARD THE DORNIER "DO.X.," FURNISHED WITH COMFORTABLE ARMCHAIRS.



SEPARATED FROM THE OTHER SALOONS, DURING A FLIGHT, BY A DOOR: THE SMOKE-ROOM IN THE "DO.X.," AND (BEYOND) AN HOTEL-LIKE VISTA ALONG THE CORRIDOR OF THE PASSENGER QUARTERS.

As noted on the opposite page, the great German flying-boat, the Dornier "Do.X.," has been re-engined in preparation for a series of exhibition flights. The interior, which has been comfortably fitted-up for about 70 people (the craft once carried 170!), is on a bigger scale than that of any other flying-machine yet built, and points the way to the future development of air travel. The furniture is suggestive of a luxurious yacht. The middle deck, which contains the passenger quarters, is 80 ft. long by 10 ft. wide (on the average) and 6 ft. high, and is divided into saloons for eight, ten, or fifteen people. There is a small bar facing the smoke

lounge, which is furnished with leather chairs, and, during flight, is separated by a door from the other saloons. Electric lighting and good ventilation guard against fire. The saloons are divided by partitions, and between them, fore and aft, runs a central gangway. First come two small saloons (one adaptable to a sleeping cabin); then the lounge, 23 ft. long; next, smaller passenger compartments; and, finally, the electric kitchen, lavatories, and holds for luggage and mails. In the lounge and smoking-room, settees and armchairs are grouped round tables on either side of the gangway.

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: THE TITAN OF THE AIR.



A GIGANTIC GERMAN FLYING-BOAT THAT HAS CARRIED 160 PEOPLE: THE 12-ENGINED DORNIER "DO.X."—THE SIX HUGE TURRETS RECENTLY FITTED WITH TWELVE NEW AMERICAN ENGINES FOR EXHIBITION FLIGHTS.

To the number of illustrations of great modern structures or inventions, given at intervals in these pages as "Symbols of our Time," may appropriately be added this new photograph of the famous giant flying-boat, Dornier "DO.X.," which, it is reported, has recently been fitted with twelve new engines of American make, with a view, it is said, to a series of exhibition flights. This enormous heavier-than-air machine was launched from the Dornier works beside Lake Constance in July of last year, and in the following October carried, for a flight over the lake, no fewer than 160 people—10 crew and 150 passengers. Her twelve engines (originally of 525 h.p.) are mounted in

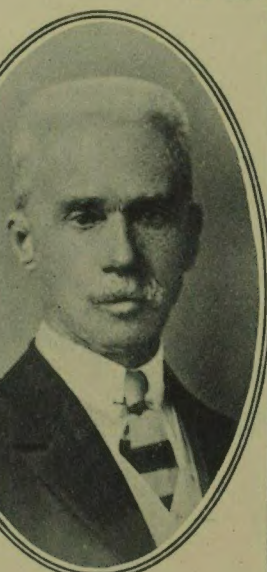
six huge turrets—each containing two engines, with a mechanic in charge—above the centre of the wing and the body of the machine below it. The entire craft, which is all steel, weighs 34 tons and is 150 ft. long from tip to tail, while the wing-span is also 150 ft. and the wing is 10 ft. thick. The interior of the hull is divided into three decks. The upper deck contains the pilot's cabin, navigation room, engine-control station, and quarters for the crew; the middle deck has the passenger saloons and cabins, providing sleeping berths for 70 persons; the lower deck consists of fuel storage compartments. The crew includes the captain, two pilots, an engineer, and the mechanics.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK



MISS AMY JOHNSON LANDING IN HULL: THE "JASON" TAXI-ING ON THE AERODROME PREVIOUS TO THE AIRWOMAN'S CIVIC RECEPTION BY HER NATIVE TOWN.

After being received at Buckingham Palace by the King and Queen, and being invested by his Majesty with the insignia of a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, Miss Amy Johnson flew to Hull, her native town, where a civic reception had been prepared. Eight aeroplanes of the Hull Flying Club set out to meet her in Lincolnshire, and they reappeared with her in formation. She was welcomed on the aerodrome by the Mayor and Mayoress and members of the Corporation of Hull.



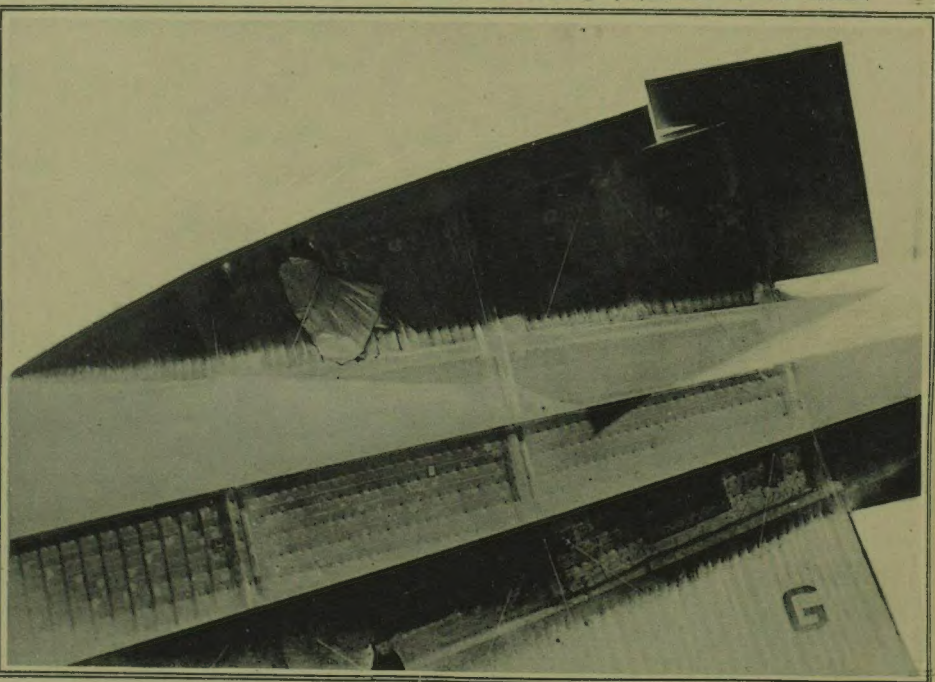
PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

Died at Rome, July 17, aged 73. A famous contributor to "The Illustrated London News." Head of the Italian Archaeological Mission in Crete. Professor of Epigraphy and Greek Antiquities, University of Rome.



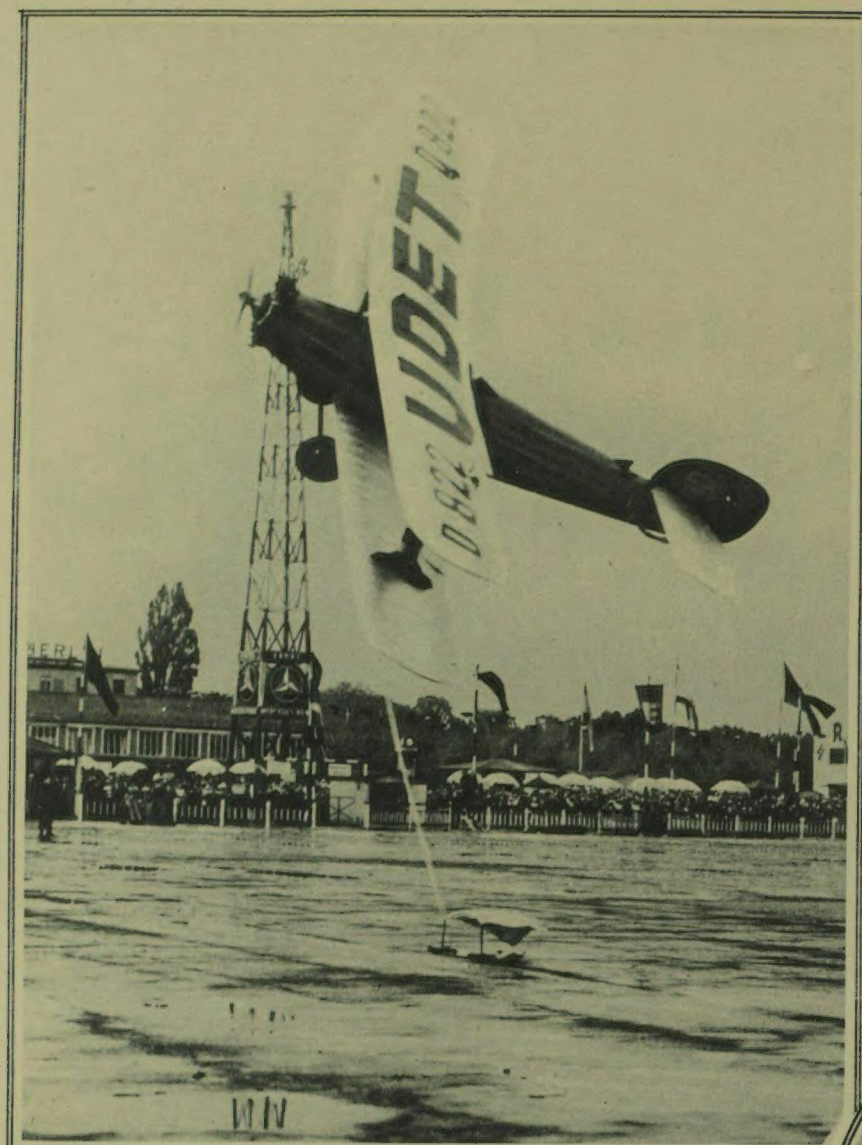
"SHAMROCK V." AT THE AZORES: ON HER WAY TO AMERICA TO CONTEST THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

It was announced on July 31 that Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock V." had made the Azores, thus concluding the first part of her Atlantic crossing. She was expected to arrive at New London on August 14 or 15. Meanwhile, the American sloops, including the "Enterprise" and "Weetamoo," are making preparations for the contest.



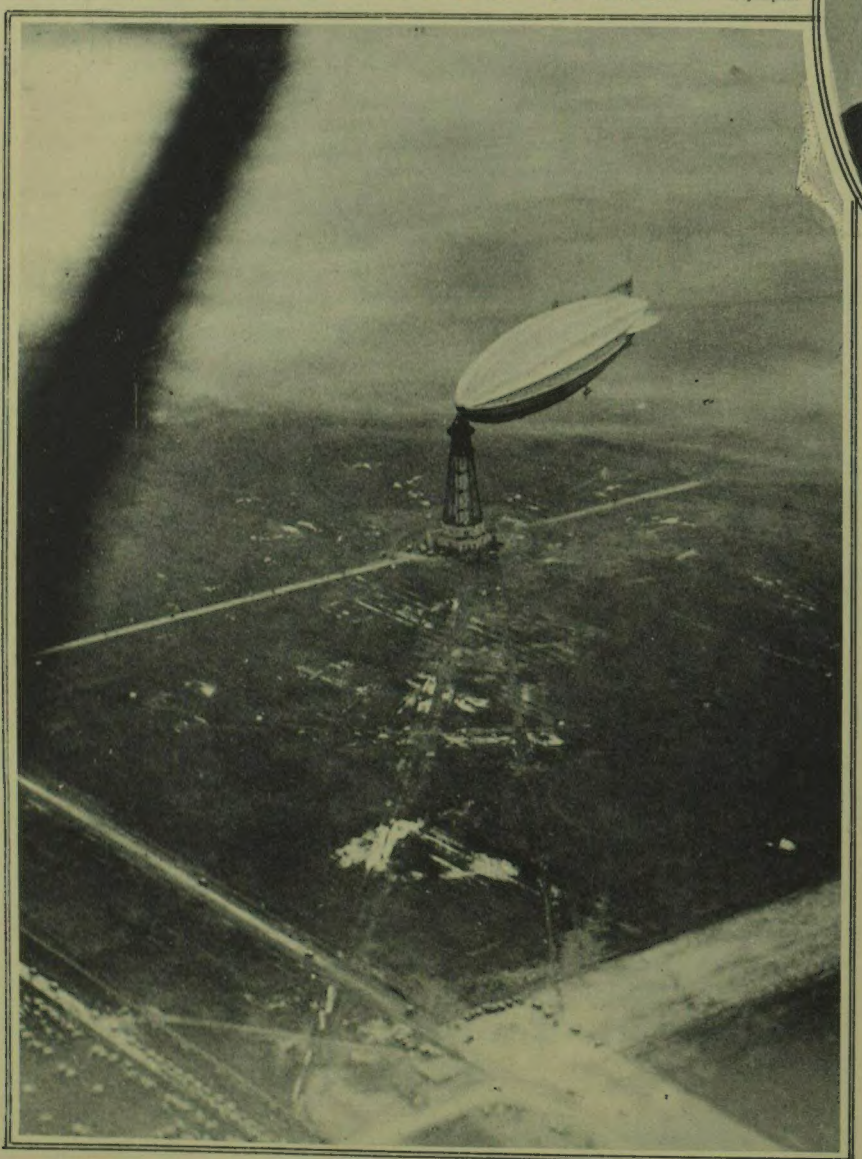
"R.100'S" DAMAGED FIN, WHICH WAS TEMPORARILY REPAIRED IN MID-AIR: AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE AIRSHIP FROM BELOW—TAKEN AT MONTREAL.

Unlike "R.101," the fabric in "R.100" is laced on to the longitudinal girders (as plainly appears in the photograph). Since her arrival in Canada, "R.100" has unfortunately damaged the reduction gear in her starboard forward engine while approaching the mooring mast after her twenty-four-hour flight over Ottawa, Toronto, and Western Ontario. The officers are satisfied, however, that the airship can return to England on five out of her six engines.



A NEW SPORT?—"TENT-PEGGING" FROM AN AEROPLANE AT A GERMAN FÊTE.

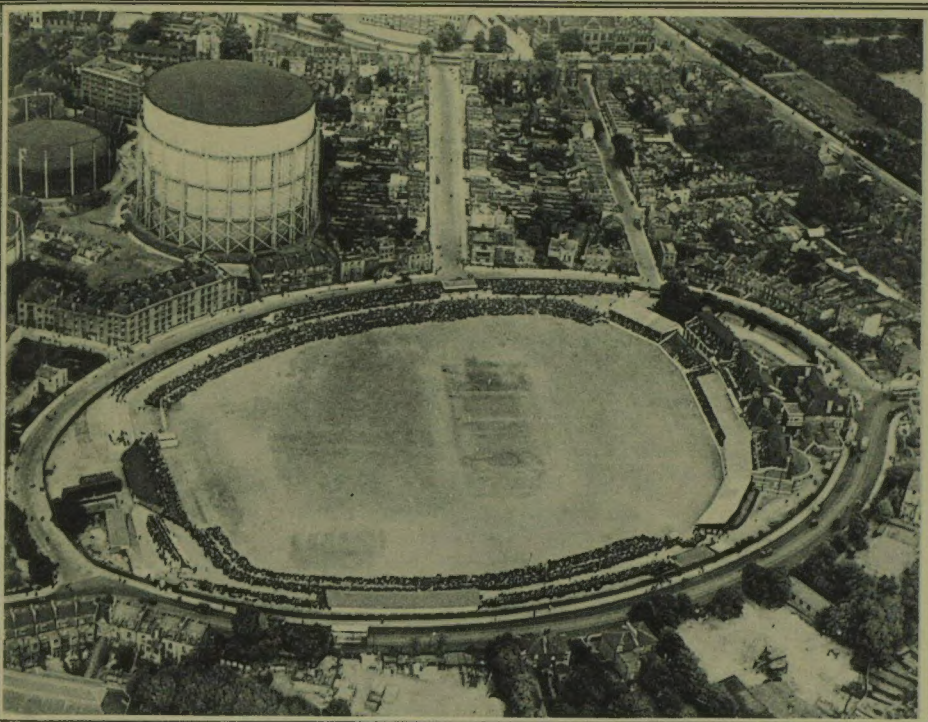
The photograph here given shows the German airman Ernst Udet picking up a cloth by means of a hook fastened to a long bamboo pole, at the commemoration festivities held in Berlin on August 11, the eleventh anniversary of the German Republican Constitution. The long bamboo pole corresponds to the lance used by riders in tent-pegging from horseback—a favourite item in cavalry displays—and our readers may remember that the 17th Lancers gave some remarkable exhibitions of this feat at the last Royal Tournament at Olympia.



AFTER HER RECORD-MAKING FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: "R.100" MOORED TO HER MAST AT MONTREAL.

According to messages received in London, the British airship "R.100" expected to reach Montreal at about midnight (5 a.m. English summer time) on July 31-August 1. Actually the delay caused by a damaged fin—illustrated in the adjoining photograph—retarded her arrival till 9 p.m. Eighteen miles north-east of Quebec temporary repairs had been effected, and she was making a good 20 knots. From the time of her launching "R.100" has had trouble with her fabric:

OUTSTANDING EVENTS AND ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

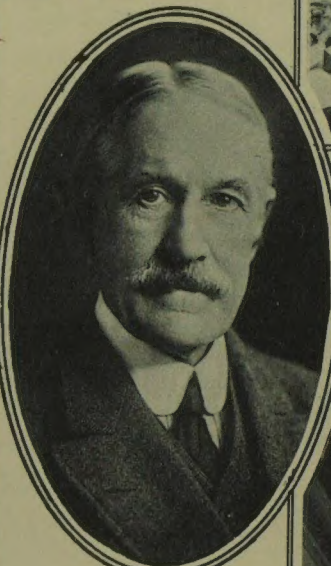


WHERE ENGLAND IS MEETING AUSTRALIA IN THE DECISIVE TEST MATCH: AN AIR VIEW OF THE FAMOUS "OVAL" CRICKET GROUND.

As was to be expected, the final Test Match, which eventually decides the contest between England and Australia for the "ashes," is attracting enormous crowds: the photograph reproduced above gives an idea of the size of the attendance drawn by such a contest. The fact of the Oval cricket ground being practically world-famous should make our photograph of unusual interest to readers abroad. The match was arranged to begin on August 16 and to be played to a finish without limit of date.



MAROONED DURING THE RECENT FLOODS IN KARACHI: A MOTOR-BUS CAUGHT WHILE ATTEMPTING TO CROSS A BRIDGE. During the recent floods in Karachi a motor-bus carrying twelve passengers attempted to cross a bridge, or causeway, over the Lyari River, but was caught in the sudden onrush of flood water. The passengers were rescued by divers from the harbour after they had been marooned for five hours, but one man, in attempting to reach the bank, was carried away.



GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN.

Died August 12, after a motor accident, aged 72. Was responsible for the famous "Stand-and-fight" decision at Le Cateau in 1914 during the retreat from Mons. Served in Soudan (1898) and Boer Wars.



NOW EXPLORING VAST UNKNOWN REGIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE STAFF OF THE VERNAY-LANG KALAHARI EXPEDITION (SEE PAGES 288 AND 289).

From left to right are (middle row, seated) Dr. A. W. Rogers, F.R.S., Director, Union Geologic Survey; Mr. Arthur S. Vernay, leader; Capt. H. Beesing, Bechuanaland Police; and Mr. Herbert Lang, field manager and mammalogist. (Top row) A. C. Dowthwaite, motor transport; N. van den Berg and C. Vlok, mechanics; Austin Roberts, ornithologist; A. du Toit, mechanic; (on ground) L. Robertson, driver; V. FitzSimons, zoologist; J. Aebischer, commissariat, and driver; F. O. Noome, taxidermist; G. van Son.



THE HOTEL CECIL DEMOLISHED TO MAKE ROOM FOR GIANT NEW OFFICES:

Altogether, about two million tons of old buildings are in process of demolition on the fringe of the City and in the West End. Opposite the ruin of the Hotel Cecil, illustrated above, the Adelphi Theatre is rapidly vanishing before the inroads of expert housebreakers. Numbers of private houses—some of them a hundred years old—are being razed in the vicinity of Berkeley Square. Some three thousand lorries are running continuously night and day removing the debris.



LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE EFFECT IN THE HEART OF LONDON: A SCENE DURING THE DEMOLITION OF THE HOTEL CECIL.

With the Hotel Cecil goes one of London's landmarks on the Strand and the Embankment—well known, especially, to Americans and visitors from abroad. It will have completely disappeared within four months. Night and day shifts of men have been employed to pull it down. The bricks from the Hotel Cecil, scraped free of plaster, will be sold to building contractors; they are reputed to be of better quality than many bricks made to-day.

JUST-SO STORIES OF THE GOLD COAST.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"AKAN-ASHANTI FOLK-TALES," COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED By CAPT. R. S. RATTRAY.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

CAPTAIN RATTRAY declares that his preface to "Akan-Ashanti Folk-Tales" is longer than he intended, but I could wish it were longer still. It is true that one can read and enjoy the tales for their own sakes, without the help of a critical commentary; they have as much appeal to the lover of fiction as they have to the student of anthropology—perhaps more. But the introduction throws so much light on all the subjects it does discuss that one longs for its help in elucidating others. Why, one would like to know, do the people of Ashanti make their most heroic legendary figure a spider, surely one of the least attractive and noble of creatures? Kwaku Ananse, the Spider, is the protagonist of most of the stories; indeed they are called generically "Spider Tales" after him. In character he is a rather shady version of Ulysses, the wildest creature in the forest, nearly always able to outwit animals stronger than himself, and come out "on top" in every encounter, admirable only, one would think, because so successful, a symbol of cunning rather than of strength or virtue. How treacherous and ungrateful he was, for instance, to Odenkyem, the Crocodile, who saved his life from the Dog. "The Dog threw Ananse down and ran away, and the Crocodile loosed Ananse. And Ananse said, 'Father, what kind of thing can I give you to show you how grateful I am?' The Crocodile said, 'We do not desire anything at all.' Ananse said, 'I have children, then to-morrow I shall come and dress their hair for them very becomingly.' The Crocodile said, 'I have heard.' Ananse came home; he said, 'Aso, go and seek palm nuts and onions, for to-morrow I am going to kill and bring back a crocodile that we may have a soup-stew to eat.' Aso went and got some, and the Spider sharpened his knife and mashed *eto*, and took it to the stream. He said, 'Father Crocodile, the Water-Animal, I am come to reward you.' And he took the pounded yams and put them in the water. The Crocodile came, and he was about to take the pounded yams to eat when the Spider took his knife and cut at him, *gya!* but he did not get him (properly), and he went off. Ananse returned home. Aso asked him, saying, 'Where is that animal?' Ananse said, 'Take yourself off; a person comes off a journey, and hasn't even got his breath back, and you begin to bother him with questions.' Aso said, 'I have seen that you did not get him.' Ananse did not say anything. Next morning, very early, Aso said she was going to the stream. When she got there, there was the Crocodile lying on the river-bank, and the blue-bottle flies were buzzing round him. Aso returned home and told her husband. Ananse said, 'Now you see how a certain medicine I have acts; when I kill meat (one day), not until things become visible, the next day, do I go and fetch it, but nevertheless I congratulate you on seeing it.' Ananse cut a stick and took it with him to the stream there, and there he came across the Crocodile. He poked at it with the stick, saying, 'Crocodile, are you dead? Crocodile, are you dead?' And he turned it over and over. And the Crocodile lay still, but he was not dead. When Ananse was about to take his hand to touch it, the Crocodile suddenly snapped him, *kua!* Ananse struggled, *petere! petere!* and found a way to escape. That is why, when the Spider passes on the water, he hastens along; he is afraid that the Crocodile will come to catch him again.

"This my story which I have related, if it be sweet (or) if it be not sweet, take some elsewhere and let some come back to me."

Nearly all the stories conclude with this conventional appeal to the audience, and nearly all of them begin with the warning: "We do not really mean, we do not really mean (that what we are going to say is true)."

Capt. Rattray gives a most interesting explanation of why the native story-teller thinks it necessary to affix this conventional precaution. The Ashanti are (according to

an unbiased observer) "the most civil and well-bred" people in Africa. But some of these stories (a great minority) are decidedly Rabelaisian in tone. The raconteur, therefore, seeks to disarm criticism by making a "public declaration that what he is about to say is only make-believe." Having said this he can proceed to treat of "subjects ordinarily regarded as sacred: e.g., the Sky-God, the lesser gods, fetishes, spirit ancestors, the sick, chiefs, sexual matters," which to speak of on an ordinary unlicensed occasion would be taboo. For, says Capt. Rattray, laxity of speech is not a common characteristic of primitive peoples; local opinion is very strict in such matters, and insists that the stories should be told after dark.

Apparently these entertainments have a psychological value; they provide the people with a kind of safety-valve for thoughts and emotions which, if bottled up and denied expression, might prove dangerous. Sometimes the telling of the story is accompanied by acting; actors "enter the circle and give impersonations of some of the chief characters." "These impersonations," says Capt. Rattray, "are extremely realistic and, like the stories, call forth roars of laughter from all who witness them. On one occasion—it was in connection, I think, with a sketch depicting an old man covered with yaws (a skin disease)—I asked someone seated beside me if people habitually laughed at persons afflicted by Nyame (the Sky-God) in this way, and I suggested it was unkind to ridicule such a subject. The person addressed replied that in every-day life one might not do so, however great the inclination to laugh might be. He went on to explain that it was so with many other things: the cheating and tricks of priests, the rascality of a thief—things about which everyone knew, but concerning which one might not ordinarily speak in public. These occasions gave everyone an opportunity of talking about and laughing at such things: it was 'good' for everyone concerned, he said."

By means of this recognised outlet, the Ashanti are delivered from soul-destroying "complexes." An analogous privilege is allowed to the people on the eve of the "enstoolment" of a new chief; they can ventilate their grievances without restraint or ill consequences; they can even criticise the chief—designate, without being made to suffer for libel.

The Ashanti Folk-Tales show a remarkable similarity to those of other peoples along the Gold Coast; and Capt. Rattray is of opinion that they have not been invented locally, but have a common origin. This, he says, does not prevent them from reflecting faithfully "the character, psychology, local customs and beliefs of the people who narrate them." No two story-tellers give the same rendering of a folk-tale; each adapts it to suit his personality and his audience. Only its main outlines are international; the details and the method are national or local. "In this volume," Capt. Rattray says, "the Akan-Ashanti people disclose themselves to us at their worst, no less than at their best. It is, I think, a remarkable self-revelation . . ." which "will help to reveal to the Western peoples a vision at least of what, perhaps, I may be permitted to describe as the soul of an African people."

The stories are of all kinds. Some are fables, with a moral. Some are etymological, explaining how certain animals came by their names. Some depend for their effect on repetition. "It would be possible again to subdivide the stories into other categories well known to us in European Folk-lore, e.g., one is reminiscent of the *Gelert* type; another of the *Flight from Witchcraft* type; another of the *Jason* type; another of the *Bride-wager* type; another of the

Beast, Bird, Fish type; another of the *Language of Animals* type, and so on."

The animals are treated throughout as human beings; the ytalk and act as such. Capt. Rattray does not think that this is due to a confusion in the minds of narrator and audience between animals and men. The beasts, he says, are carefully chosen with reference to their characteristics. Not all the stories seem to bear out this contention, however. The elephant would be acknowledged by common consent to be more intelligent than the spider; but when Ananse engages in a butting contest with the Elephant (twelve collisions to decide the winner) his superior sagacity gives him the victory. A more convincing argument is that in many cases the names of animals have been substituted for those of real people, whom it would have been very unwise to mention in public. And no doubt the Ashanti tale-monger, like the European purveyor of fairy tales, relied on the natural tendency of his hearers to endow with human characteristics any animate object that has engaged their fancy.

Capt. Rattray gives the Ashanti text on the left-hand page, the translation on the right; it would be impossible to praise his translation too highly. It is Biblical in its simplicity, yet it never makes use of archaisms or suggests that the translator has had his tongue in his cheek. An especial charm of the book is the illustrations—some of them full-page plates, others line block engravings. They were executed by a committee of artists, all Africans of the Gold Coast Colony, under the expert supervision of Mr. Stevens. A European artist could not have hoped to capture the unsophisticated quality of imagination that informs the stories, would not have left the loose ends, the ideas only partially realised, the delightful inconsistencies. When the artists could not agree whether Ananse should be portrayed as a spider or as a man they decided to compromise; usually he is a man, but every now and then he is a slightly conventionalised spider. The human beings in the drawings oddly enough conform to no special type; their physical characteristics generally suggest the negro, but their colour is invariably white.

The tales themselves vary from half a page to several pages in length, and their artistic merit also varies. The story has often little connection with the title, some reference to which appears like an afterthought in the last few lines. Their chief weakness, as narratives, is a tendency to wander and sprawl and follow up side issues; but this very waywardness is also their charm. They are full of humour, conscious and unconscious, often rather grim, as when the Sky-God says: "If you are able to look at this, my child, so that he does not die, I will present you with your head"; and often consisting in ironic over-statement. The leopard's opponent, having been

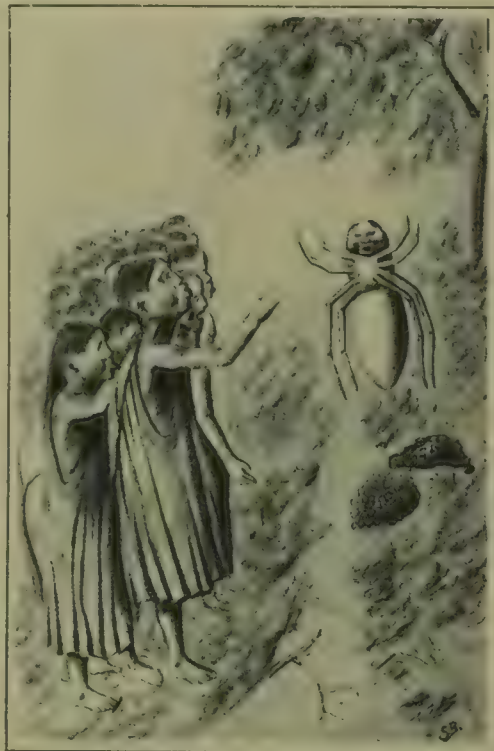
"torn," remarks: "(A thing like that is nothing) one takes such a thing and uses it to wash down the place where one's wife bathes." A curiously sophisticated character, who comes to a bad end, is "Hate-to-be-contradicted." He was always trailing his coat and visiting with condign vengeance whoever gave him the lie. "That is the nature of the palm nut; when they are ripe, three bunches ripen at once; when they are ripe, I cut them down, and when I boil them to extract the oil they make three water-pots full of oil; and I take the oil to Akase to buy an Akase old woman; the Akase old woman comes and gives birth to my grandmother, who, in turn, bears me; when mother bears me, I am already standing there."

But the stories cannot be appreciated properly in quotation. The best things in them have a dramatic quality inseparable from their setting. "How it came about that the Parrot's Tail became Red," "How Abosom, the Lesser-Gods came into the World," "Why we should not repeat Sleeping Mat Confidences," "How it came about that some people are good-looking and others are not good-looking"—all these are excellent examples of the Ashanti story-teller's art; but there are scores of others as good. L. P. H.



HOW THE LEOPARD GOT HIS SPOTS: "AND HALF-A-BALL-OF-KENKI LIFTED UP THE LEOPARD AND THREW HIM IN THE FIRE."

"And they joined (battle; the sound was like) Kikiri! Kikiri! Kikiri! And Half-a-ball-of-Kenki lifted up the Leopard and threw him in the fire. The Leopard said, 'Me firim, me firim, me firim' (I am out, I am out, I am out.) That is how the Leopard got his cry, 'Me firim.' Then they saw that his body was like this, all kurukyire, kurukyire, kurukyire (that is, all spotted); where the white was, that was where the ashes had touched him; and where the black was, that, too, was where the black charcoal had touched him." The word *kenki* means boiled pounded corn.



HOW THE SPIDER GOT A BALD HEAD: "HE COULD NO LONGER BEAR IT. HE THREW AWAY THE HAT AND BEANS."

Kwaku Ananse, the crafty Spider, is the chief character in most of the Akan-Ashanti folk-tales. One day he stole some beans that were boiling over a fire, and put them inside his hat. "By now (we read) these things (the beans) were burning him, so that he was made to know the real meaning of burning. Try as he would, he could no longer bear it. He threw away the hat and beans. Aso (his wife) and the people hooted at him. . . . That is why you will see Ananse with a bald head kwati; it came about from the air he gave himself at the funeral of his mother-in-law."

Drawings by African artists of the Gold Coast. Reproduced from "Akan-Ashanti Folk-Tales." Collected and Translated by Capt. R. S. Rattray. By Courtesy of the Publishers, the Oxford University Press, and Humphrey Milford.

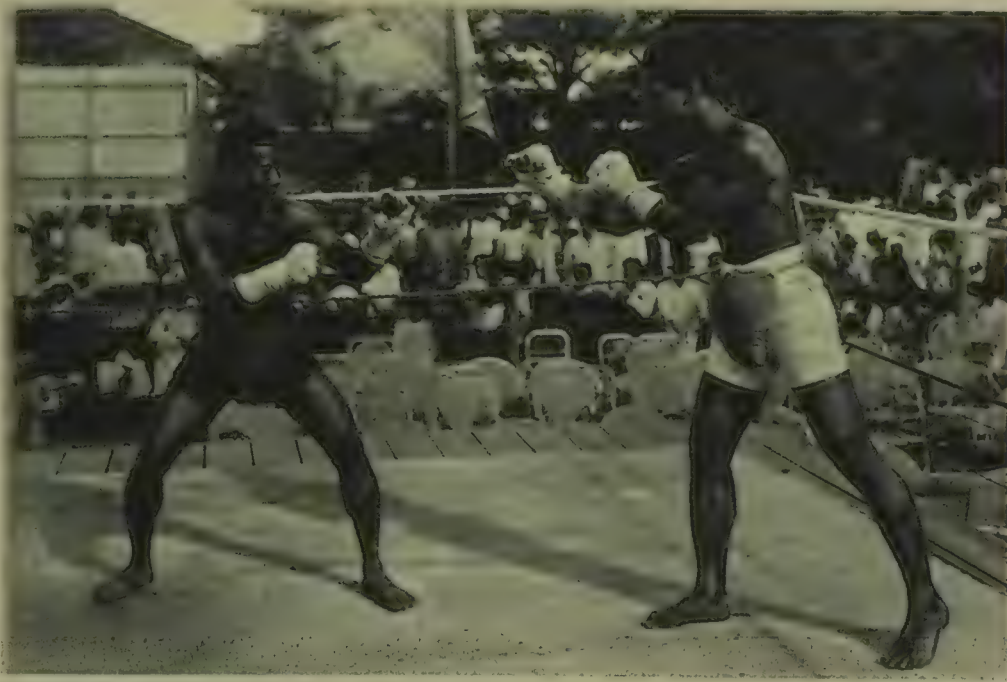
* "Akan-Ashanti Folk-Tales." Collected and translated by Capt. R. S. Rattray, C.B.E., B.Sc. (Oxon), and illustrated by Africans of the Gold Coast Colony. Oxford University Press, and Humphrey Milford: 235, net.

BOXING THAT INCLUDES KICKS IN THE EYE! THE RING IN SIAM.

THESE remarkable photographs come from a Bangkok correspondent, who writes: In these days of disputes arising out of championships being won and lost on fouls, it is interesting to compare the style of boxing practised in Siam. The rules are far different from those of the Marquess of Queensberry or the N.S.C. In Siamese boxing the combatants can do almost anything but bite each other! Hitting in holds, hitting with the flat of the hand, using the knee or elbow, butting with the head, are all allowed, and even straight-out kicking. Up till recently no padded gloves were used, but now this is necessary, besides the binding of the fists. Imagine oneself in a ringside seat, costing two ticals (about 3s. 8d.). The 'ring' is the same as in Europe. Enter the combatants, stripped except for shorts and an abdominal protector. On their heads is a rope charm, blessed by the gods to give victory. Round the right or left arm are green or red ribbons, a further charm against defeat. Bong! No bell is used, just an ordinary native drum. The timekeeper is eyeing his watch. The seconds are out, and the two judges on either side of the ring settle with paper and pencil; on the fourth side sits a very old ex-champion boxer, who gives his casting vote if the two judges disagree. Meanwhile a soft swirl of native music is heard, and the combatants are on their knees in the ring kow-towing to some unknown deity who watches over boxers. After a short prayer in this manner both combatants rise, and with eyes closed go through certain leads and counters, combined with kicks and turns in opposite corners. After this follows the usual introduction to each other by the referee, who then walks between the combatants, and the fight is on. Adopting what might be called the American crouch, both gaze fiercely at each other, the music becoming louder. Feint and lead with the left by one of the fighters goes wide, whereupon his opponent, seeing an opening, kicks high and straight with his foot, and his adversary suffers a terribly swollen eye. Not a bit discouraged, he rushes in with head lowered, trying to butt the other's face. Throwing one arm round his opponent's neck, with his free elbow he belabours the top of the spine. Pulling the man's head down, he butts his face with his knee. What happens next is difficult to see from one side of the ring, but the frenzied skirl of the music indicates that the battle rages. Arms are flying, legs kicking in all directions, and knees seeking a vulnerable spot. The music has



WEARING A ROPE CHARM TO ENSURE HIM VICTORY: A SIAMESE BOXER, AND (RIGHT) THE REFEREE EXHIBITING A PLACARD ANNOUNCING THE NEXT ROUND.



BOXING UNDER RULES WHICH ALLOW ALMOST ANYTHING BUT BITING! A PAIR OF SIAMESE BOXERS IN THE RING, STRIPPED EXCEPT FOR SHORTS AND AN ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR, SPARRING FOR AN OPENING.

Continued opposite.

It might surprise some of our champions to visit Siam and study the methods of boxing there in vogue. It is the practice of kicking that makes the bouts so astonishing to a Western observer accustomed to the rules of European and American boxing. The musical accompaniment, to which reference has already been made, also lends a strange exotic note to the proceedings.

now reached a terrible pitch, but is nearly drowned by the cries of spectators. Boong! Silence. It is the end of the first round. Each man goes to his corner and receives the ministrations of his seconds, being massaged and sponged. Presently the referee exhibits a card indicating that the next is the second round, and the timekeeper, with drumstick poised over the drum, keeps his eyes on his watch. Bong! Two minutes' rest has elapsed, and the second round is on. Both fighters come up strong, the man with the damaged eye looking the fresher, but his face an awful sight. A courteous hand-shake, the usual feints and jabbing, first with the left foot and arm advanced, and then suddenly reversed. A scramble, and both hold and kick with the knees, and soon both are down, the music increasing in power. One fighter rises—the man with the damaged eye; the other remains spread-eagled on the floor. The referee counts ten in about twenty seconds, but the man down fails to rise. Nor does he move when his seconds come, and he is evidently out for good. Eventually, stretcher-bearers enter, and he is carried out. The winner receives the plaudits of the crowd. It is later

reported that the winner, in falling, knocked his man out with his knee in the solar plexus! The next pair are already in the ring; they have been sitting at the ringside waiting their turn. And so the performance goes on until the main bout, between two famous fighters. The skirl and frenzy of the music indicates fast and furious fighting, but the men are well trained, and, at the end of the sixth round, although both are terribly mauled, they are still on their feet. The crowd cheers madly when the winner is adjudged, he being the man who was evidently more agile and cleverer with his feet. He is garlanded with flowers and leaves the ring on his seconds' shoulders. Not a word of a foul blow! Most fighters trained in the Siamese style of boxing do not make suitable European-style boxers—they cannot forget to use their feet! A Western-style boxer would stand a poor chance against a Siamese boxer, weight for weight!



BOXING IN A STYLE THAT PERMITS KICKING AND THE USE OF THE KNEE: TWO SIAMESE BOXERS IN A CLINCH.



AN UPPER-CUT ON THE WAY? A SIAMESE BOXING BOUT UNDER RULES ALLOWING BLOWS WITH THE ELBOW AND BUTTING WITH THE HEAD.



A CURIOUS ATTITUDE, WITH BOTH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED: A MOMENT IN A SIAMESE BOXING MATCH, ACCOMPANIED BY FRENZIED NATIVE MUSIC.

PROBING THE MYSTERIES OF THE KALAHARI: A GREAT SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA—I.



FIG. 1. ON THE 630-MILE TRIP FROM PRETORIA TO GEMSBOK: DODGE CARS FORMING THE MOTOR TRANSPORT OF THE EXPEDITION HALTED WEST OF THE OKWA RIVER-BED, IN THE CENTRAL KALAHARI.

WE give here the preliminary portion of a unique set of photographs illustrating the landscape, fauna, and flora of that vast and little-known region of South Africa called the Kalahari. Later issues will contain still more interesting instalments. In a descriptive account we read: "This is the largest expedition which has ever attempted a scientific exploration of Natural History in the Central and Northern Kalahari. Mr. Arthur S. Vernay, well known by his many explorations in India and Africa, and the leader of the present expedition, has financed it. In 1925 Mr. Herbert Lang, former Associate Curator of African Mammals in the American Museum of Natural History (through whom we were able to illustrate, in 1928-9, some wonderful Stone Age petroglyphs found in South Africa), accompanied Mr. Vernay as field manager on his Vernay Angolan Expedition. Mr. Lang has also organised the present expedition. The preparations were started in September 1929. Ox wagons deposited general supplies, Pegasus petrol and Mobiloil in the south, west, and north of the areas to be traversed. The expedition is using five $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton Dodge trucks and one touring car. The heavily-laden trucks, provided with Goodrich puncture-proof inner tubes and extra-heavy tyres, made the first 'leg' of the trip without a single puncture. A great record this, considering that a previous expedition over the same route had recorded as many as thirty punctures a day. The very valuable scientific collections will be presented to four important museums, viz., the Field Museum in Chicago, the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the British Museum in London, and the Transvaal Museum in Pretoria. On account of the strictly scientific and altruistic motives of this expedition, the Earl of Athlone, as Governor-General of South Africa, has taken a generous interest in this enterprise. Captain the Hon. B. E. H. Clifford, Imperial Secretary, has granted every facility to the expedition. Captain H. Beeching, who accompanied Captain Clifford on his late explorations through the Kalahari, and whose long experience in the Kalahari is a great asset, has been specially detailed by the Government to assist Mr. Vernay, since the route of the present expedition is essentially that which Captain Clifford first mapped. To enable the whole caravan of six vehicles to proceed at a reasonable speed, two trucks were always sent on ahead to find the way to the next camping site. Thus a defined track was laid and time for collecting was gained without wasting the

[Continued below.]

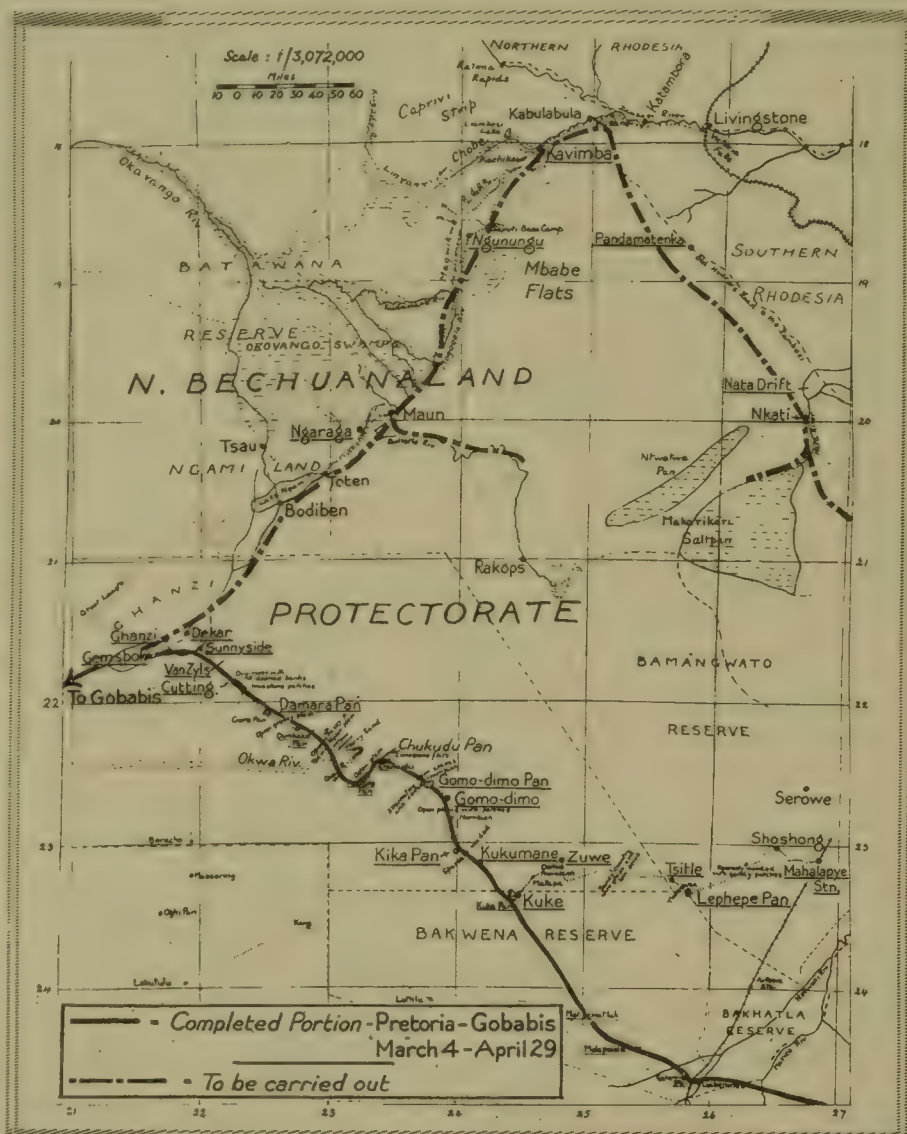


FIG. 2. THE ITINERARY OF THE VERNAY-LANG KALAHARI: A MAP SHOWING THE COMPLETED PORTION OF THE ROUTE (MARKED ———), AND THE PORTION STILL TO BE TRAVERSED (MARKED - - - - -).



FIG. 3. EVIDENCE THAT THE CENTRAL KALAHARI IS NOT A "DESERT," IN THE GEOGRAPHICAL SENSE: A TYPICAL AREA OF OPEN GRASSLAND, MOST OF WHICH IS MORE THICKLY GROWN WITH BUSHES AND TREES.



FIG. 4. VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE ORDINARY "DESERT"—SANDY WASTES BARE OF ALL VEGETATION: PARK-LIKE LANDSCAPE IN THE CENTRAL KALAHARI, MORE THAN USUALLY WOODED, SHOWING THE EXPEDITION'S TRACK.

(continued)

energies of the collectors. On one occasion, in heavy sand, our advance guard worked for twelve hours to make five miles. Hessian cloth, wire-netting, caterpillar tracks, grass, and bushes placed under the wheels were used to overcome the obstacles. After traversing the centre of the Kalahari from Gaborone in the east, on the Cape-Rhodesian Railway, to Gemsbok Pan, Ghanzi district, in the west, it may be of interest to present two striking pictures. The one (Fig. 3) illustrates the open grassland, which in general is covered more with bushes; the other (Fig. 4) represents the park-like landscape, in which the tall trees are not usually so strongly predominant. Both pictures were taken

in the western half of our route. Great sandy expanses, bare of all vegetation, or wind-blown dunes—in short, the geographer's desert—do not exist. Yet the Kalahari may be considered a waterless waste. This notion must, however, be modified. The extensive growth of vegetation proves that a considerable amount of moisture is available. The extreme porosity of the sandy ground has stamped upon the Kalahari its characteristics. The quantity of rainfall is probably greater than is generally assumed. The permeability of the ground stores moisture, and thereby an extensive though relatively uniform vegetation is fostered. Standing water is practically an impossibility in such regions."

TYPICAL WILD LIFE IN THE KALAHARI.

THE photographs shown were taken during the Expedition described on the opposite page. The writer of the descriptive notes says: "As for the Kalahari being the cradle of mankind, as has been suggested, there is not the slightest indication. Most likely it has served as a refuge for those men who were driven from economically better sites in South Africa by stronger and more intelligent races. Never have there been particularly flourishing conditions in the Kalahari. All the flora and fauna are evidently derived from immigrant forms from the different border-lands; in many cases the same forms are still persisting. Many new forms have certainly developed by adaptation to the peculiarly arid conditions, but not a single endemic type has as yet been recorded." Of Fig. 1 we read: "Only sixteen inches in length, this horned adder (*Bitis cornuta*) puffed itself up rapidly to almost twice its normal size and emitted strong, often repeated, threatening hisses. On occasion, when inflated, it would—so to speak—hold its breath for some minutes on end, ever ready to strike. It showed none of the sluggishness of its far more common and larger relative, the widely distributed Puff-adder (*Bitis arietans*). During the day these horned adders lie almost motionless in their chosen resting-places; the dull pattern generally matches their environment so well that, in the immensity of the grass-veld, they are easily overlooked.—The greatest scavengers in the Kalahari are the Brown Hyæna (*Hyæna brunnea*) and the Black-backed Jackal (*Thos* [Continued in Box 2.



FIG. 1. A KALAHARI HORNED ADDER (*BITIS CORNUTA*): A SNAKE, 16-IN. LONG, THAT RAPIDLY PUFFED ITSELF OUT TO ALMOST TWICE ITS NORMAL SIZE, AND REPEATEDLY HISSED.



FIG. 2. THE RARE BROWN HYÆNA: ONE OF THE GREATEST SCAVENGERS IN THE KALAHARI—A SPECIMEN AFTER DEATH.



FIG. 3. THE PALE KALAHARI SPRINGHARE (*PEDETES CAFFER*): ONE OF THE LARGEST RODENTS IN THIS REGION.

SPECIMENS OF ANIMALS OF "IMMIGRANT" ORIGIN.

and worked into valuable karosses.— Together with the porcupine, the springhares (Fig. 3) are the largest rodents in the Kalahari. Both of them are great burrowers. The nocturnal and partly gregarious springhares (*Pedetes caffer*) are typical of the drier regions; yet in the Kalahari they prefer to make their extensive warrens in old river-beds or near pans, the more luscious grass to be found here evidently being the chief attraction. Their pelts are tanned and worked into karosses by the Kalahari, who also trap them for meat. The ready flooding of such large subterranean homes eliminates them from regions of high rainfall, though Heller collected them in Kenya Colony, near Lake Naivasha. A smaller fossil form, with leaping powers well developed, was recorded by Stromer from the Miocene strata near Pomona, South West Africa. Among the many indications of a once-drier climate in South Africa may be included the nearly white Bontebok and Blesbok calves. Their pale colour suggests that in ancient times their precursors may have had a much lighter pelage, as is still to be found in antelopes of the desert.— Few specimens of the South African unstriped variety of the Eland (*Taurotragus oryx oryx*) have been secured by museums before they were wiped out in most of the Union territory. Here only a small remnant remains in the Giant's Castle Reserve, at an altitude above 5000 feet. In the Bechuanaland Protectorate Eland are declared 'Royal Game,' but the natives are allowed to hunt them in their own territory. [Continued below.



FIG. 4. A FINE BULL ELAND (*TAUROTRAGUS ORYX ORYX*) FROM THE KALAHARI: THE LARGEST OF ALL ANTELOPES—A SPECIES THAT DEVELOPS AN ABNORMAL HOOV ON SOFT GROUND.

mesomelas). In the West African Rain Forests the humble Driver or Army Ant (*Dorylus*) performs this duty equally efficiently. Vultures are seldom seen in this portion of the Kalahari, except when carrion is available. The Brown Hyæna (Fig. 2) has been practically exterminated in South Africa, and is now counted among the rarer mammals. They were by no means scarce about our camp at Damara Pan. One actually took a live jackal out of a trap and devoured it. Never once by a single howl did they betray their presence, though after the rain their spoor gave a clear idea of their numbers. During the day they withdrew into ant-bear holes, as do the jackals (Fig. 5). These latter often betray their presence by sharp calls of 'whea, whea,' and are often seen abroad until nearly noon. Their beautiful blackish pelts are tanned by the natives [Continued in Box 3.



FIG. 5. THE BLACK-BACKED JACKAL (*THOS MESOMELAS*): A SPECIES WHICH, LIKE THE HYÆNA, IS A GREAT SCAVENGER—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

[Continued.]

The Eland (Fig. 4)—largest of all antelopes—are certainly strangers in that sandy portion of the arid grass and bush veld we traversed. They are far too heavy on this soft ground, and thus their hoofs have become abnormally shaped, much like those kept in unsuitable quarters in some Zoological Gardens. Nevertheless, they thrive well in this portion of the Kalahari and are extremely fat. The fine quality of their meat exposes them to much poaching. In the western borderlands harder ground prevails, and there the Eland still occur in herds numbering up to five hundred.—Two other creatures (not illustrated here)—the scorpion and the bullfrog—are also described. "Millions of scorpions (we read)

have excavated their subterranean homes in the sandy ground of the Kalahari. About our camp at Damara Pan, after a heavy rain, these scorpions were extraordinarily active, and pushed out a considerable amount of moist sand during the nights. It is probable that such enlargements of their abodes can only be carried out when the damp sand can be pressed into satisfactory shape. Their single winding tunnels lead four to five feet obliquely downward, and terminate seldom less than eighteen inches to two feet below the surface. Their generally solitary homes contain often the spoils of their chase, in the form of elytra and other remains of insects."

DISCOVERIES WHERE ÆNEAS LANDED IN ITALY.

A COMPLETE ROMAN NECROPOLIS RECENTLY FOUND ON THE "SACRED ISLAND" AT THE MOUTH OF THE TIBER: TOMBS OF THE SECOND AND THIRD CENTURIES.

By Professor GUIDO CALZA, of the University of Rome. Director of the Excavations at Ostia.
(See Illustrations opposite and on Page 292.)

A DISCOVERY which is bound to cause a great stir in archaeological and historical circles has recently been made near Rome, towards the sea, in a district known as the Isola Sacra. This island, so-called, is an extension of land shaped like a triangle, enclosed within the two arms of the Tiber and the sea. The southern channel is the natural mouth of the river, where, according to Virgil, Æneas, father of the Latin race, landed in Italy; the northern arm is the artificial canal, dug by order of the Emperor Trajan in the year 102 A.D., at the time of the construction of the port of Ostia.

We know that the island was the dwelling-place of sailors, fishermen and humble people who worked in the wealthy port of the Eternal City, but neither tradition nor written records tell what caused it to receive the epithet "sacred." The first mention of this appellation occurs in the writings of Procopius, historian of the Gothic wars (537 A.D.), and one may presume that he called it sacred because it had been presented by the Emperor Constantine to the church of the Holy Apostles, Peter, Paul and John the Baptist, or, perhaps, because there existed in the island the church and burial place of St. Hippolytus, who was martyred there during the persecutions. In fact, the tomb of the martyr can be seen to this day, close to an ancient belfry and other remains of a church erected to his memory, of which we find a mention in the lives of Popes Leo III. and Leo IV.

But the recent finds at the Isola Sacra, the discovery of an entire necropolis dating back to the second and third centuries of the Roman Empire, support a new theory concerning the name of the island, i.e., that it was termed "sacred" because it was the burial place of the inhabitants of the Roman port. From the writings of Virgil we know that Æneas landed at the mouth of the Tiber, the actual locality of the Isola Sacra, a beautiful wooded land which, in the times of Trajan, was called *Libanus Almæ Veneris* ("the Paradise of Venus"), so filled was it with flowers and fruit at every season of the year. From Pliny we know that the island was a fertile land which yielded the best-tasting melons in the Empire, a favourite food of the Emperor Claudius Albinus, who was known to eat as many as ten of them at one meal! Not a mention of the Isola Sacra appears throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and the fact that in the year 1461, when it was visited by Pope Pius II., no trace of ancient buildings was to be seen there, beyond a few marble ruins near the riverside, proves that the island was entirely abandoned as soon as the port of Ostia fell into disuse.

The recent and unexpected finds not only throw light on the history of the island and its inhabitants, but, what is more, reveal the vast and well-preserved necropolis of a Roman city of the Empire. In respect of their number and state of preservation, these tombs are of far greater value and interest than those found at Pompeii or Ostia, since they are not only some of the oldest brought to light, but, as a whole, give us a very exact idea of a Roman cemetery (Fig. 3, page 292). These tombs, built for the most part like small chapels, rise in groups of five or more within a triangle of land measuring about half a mile along each side, and, although the entire necropolis cannot be unearthed, it will soon be possible to visit some fifty tombs, with their vaulted ceilings, roofs, inscriptions, sarcophagi,

urns and doors all in their proper place. (Figs. 3 and 5, page 292).

Since this was obviously the burial-ground of humble people, such as porters, fishermen, sailors, and tradesmen, who drew their source of livelihood from the port, one cannot hope to find treasures such as would have belonged to the tombs of wealthy citizens of the Empire. Yet their archaeological interest is great, as is also the feeling of respect and piety awakened at the sight of the plain but touching inscriptions that mark each tomb. The architecture of these structures, although of the utmost simplicity, is of real artistic beauty. The worship of the dead was as deeply rooted in the Romans as it was, for instance, in the people of Ancient Egypt. Thus, everywhere, we find attempts at decorating and

paintings, in the wealthier tombs, depict entire mythological scenes. Thus we see a representation of the myth of Hylas, who was beloved by Hercules, and was carried off by three nymphs on landing from the ship of the Argonauts; another of the legend of the Danaïdes, condemned to fill a broken vase with water, and a third of the story of Ocnos, forever doomed to weave a thread which was swallowed by a donkey as it was woven. The stucco decorations over the cinerary urns and the mosaic pavements also represent mythological subjects, such as Selene, Endymion, the four seasons, the twelve labours of Hercules (Fig. 2, opposite page), and a variety of decorative motifs, in many of which the charm of their simplicity is enhanced by vivid colours.

Several sarcophagi (Fig. 5, page 292) have been found, which, though wrought in the roughest material, are executed with extraordinary skill, and the sculptural details of some of the marble fragments deserve more than passing notice. All these tombs are built with bricks, laid in the skilful method which is typical of the great buildings of this period. The doors, one of which has been found almost intact (Fig. 2, page 292), were of rough and solid wood, lined with a sheet of lead. Over the door is always to be seen a marble slab bearing an inscription (Fig. 1, page 292), and over the tablet an architrave of white marble or travertine. In some tombs, small windows, oddly shaped, and placed with utter disregard of symmetry, appear on either side of the door. The walls of the first cell of the larger tombs have niches (Fig. 5, page 292) opening out in double rows, each containing one or two cinerary urns, generally used to receive the ashes of slaves. In the second cell are to be seen one, two, or even three, sarcophagi, wherein were buried the bodies of their masters.

It is interesting to note that the urns were all closed by a piece of glass, cut to fit into the mouth of the cinerary jar, and over which was placed an earthenware lid. In some of the larger tombs a special niche, similar to an oven, was built in a side recess, and was probably used for the baking of bricks. In most of the tombs discovered up to the present there are benches outside the door, which were used for funeral banquets, and are perfectly preserved. The great variety of material used in the construction of the necropolis makes the survey of the first finds of exceptional interest, while the different shape, size and disposition of the burial-

places give one a good idea of what must have been its general aspect. Certain sepulchres are particularly worthy of observation, because they are shaped exactly like the *marabutti* or burial-places of Mohammedans in the East (Fig. 4, page 292).

The first tomb of the necropolis to come to light was found accidentally a few months ago by workmen employed by the War Veterans' Association to beautify and irrigate this part of the Roman Campagna. They struck upon a vaulted roof, and discovered that it enclosed a sort of chamber beneath the level of the ground. The twenty tombs (Fig. 3, page 292) now freed from their bed of sand undoubtedly constitute one of the most important discoveries of the past year in Italy, and if work can be continued on this site, as intended by the Minister of National Education, the necropolis of the Isola Sacra will become one of the chief sites of excavations near Rome, holding deep interest alike for archaeologists, historians, and tourists.



GREEK INFLUENCE ON ROMAN SEPULCHRAL ART OF IMPERIAL TIMES: A SMALL GROUP OF FIGURES FOUND IN A CELL OF THE NECROPOLIS ON THE ISLAND OF ISOLA SACRA, NEAR OSTIA.

These sculptured figures, to which Professor Calza does not specifically allude in his article, are described in his note on the photograph as showing Greek influence—a point of great interest in Roman sculpture of Imperial times. They illustrate that well-known dictum of the Roman poet: "*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes Intulit agresti Latio*" (Captive Greece took captive her fierce conqueror and brought the arts into rustic Latium).

embellishing the burial-places of slaves as well as those of the wealthier citizens.

The tomb of a doctor, for instance, has a small bas-relief on each side of the door, one representing a surgical operation and the other a first-aid case, with primitive instruments of various kinds. A boat with three oarsmen decorates the tomb of a sailor, and a horse harnessed to a wheat-grinder marks the place where a miller was laid at rest (Fig. 1, opposite page). Some of these reliefs are wrought in very poor material, and in some cases by obviously untrained hands, yet one and all reveal the true artistic feeling that seems to have been inborn in the people. The mural paintings which decorate the interior of the tombs are equally rough and primitive, but they, too, possess great interest, especially where the colouring is well preserved. The subjects are all mythological, and Apollo, Mercury, Hercules, and Neptune seem to have been the objects of particular worship. Some of the most elaborate

ROMAN TRADESMEN'S TOMBS: "OCCUPATIONAL" DECORATION; OR MYTHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR GUIDO CALZA. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, AND FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 292.)



FIG. 1. TWO SMALL RELIEFS ON THE FRONT OF A CELL IN THE ISOLA SACRA NECROPOLIS, REPRESENTING THE OCCUPATIONS OF THE DECEASED: A THREE-OARED BOAT ON A SAILOR'S GRAVE; AND A PRIMITIVE WHEAT-GRINDER (TO LEFT OF INSCRIPTION) ON THE TOMB OF A MILLER.



FIG. 2. GREEK MYTHOLOGY IN ROMAN TOMB DECORATION: PART OF A SERIES OF STUCCO RELIEFS REPRESENTING THE TWELVE LABOURS OF HERCULES, PLACED OVER NICHES CONTAINING CINERARY URNS OF SLAVES BURIED IN THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED CEMETERY ON ISOLA SACRA.

The newly-discovered Roman cemetery on the island of Isola Sacra, near Ostia, the port of ancient Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber, as Professor Calza points out in his article on the opposite page describing his discoveries, has a special interest in being evidently the burial ground of humble folk, such as fishermen, sailors, tradesmen, porters, and so on, who earned their living at the port. These tombs possess great archaeological value, while their well-preserved inscriptions and simple decorations awaken feelings of piety and respect. After mentioning that the burial places of slaves are all embellished, besides those of the masters, Professor Calza goes on to say: "The tomb of a doctor, for instance, has a small bas-relief on each side of the door, one

representing a surgical operation, and the other a first-aid case, with primitive instruments. A boat with three oarsmen decorates the tomb of a sailor, and a horse harnessed to a wheat-grinder marks the place where a miller was laid to rest." The boat and a wheat-grinder (apparently without a horse) may be seen in the illustration above. The inclusion of "a doctor" among slaves, millers, and sailors, throws a noteworthy sidelight on the social standing of the medical profession in the days of Imperial Rome. The lower photograph here illustrates the popular use of mythological subjects in tomb decoration. These reliefs covered niches for cinerary urns containing the ashes of slaves. The master had a sarcophagus.

TOMBS IN THE "PARADISE OF VENUS": OSTIA'S ISLAND CEMETERY.



FIG. 1. A TYPICAL TOMB OF THE SECOND AND THIRD CENTURIES A.D.: THE INTERIOR OF A CELL IN THE ISOLA SACRA NECROPOLIS, SHOWING AN INSCRIPTION ON ITS ORIGINAL TABLET.



FIG. 2. WITH PART OF ITS WOODEN DOOR STILL IN ITS PLACE, AND DECORATION ROUND THE INSCRIPTION IN PERFECT CONDITION: THE TOMB OF ONE VARIUS AMPELUS, AS IT WAS FOUND.



FIG. 3. SOME OF THE OLDEST-KNOWN ROMAN TOMBS, SURPASSING IN INTEREST THOSE OF POMPEII AND OSTIA, AS SHOWING A COMPLETE NECROPOLIS: THE SECTION SO FAR EXCAVATED ON ISOLA SACRA.



FIG. 4. DOME-SHAPED, LIKE ORIENTAL MOHAMMEDAN MARABUTTI: ROMAN TOMBS ON ISOLA SACRA (KNOWN IN TRAJAN'S TIMES AS *LIBANUS ALME VENERIS*—"THE LEBANON OF KINDLY VENUS").



FIG. 5. SHOWING AN EARTHENWARE SARCOPHAGUS, WITH MARBLE FRAGMENTS, AND NICHES FOR CINERARY URNS: THE INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL CELL IN THE ISOLA SACRA NECROPOLIS, PROBABLY THE TOWN CEMETERY OF OSTIA.

As Professor Calza explains in his article on page 290, describing the Roman tombs found on the island of Isola Sacra, the discovery suggests a new theory as to the origin of the island's name. It was probably called "Sacred" because it was the burial place of inhabitants of Ostia. In the days of the Emperor Trajan, we are told, the island, beautifully wooded, "was called *Libanus Alme Veneris*, the Paradise of Venus, so filled was it with flowers and fruit at every season of the year." The word "Libanus," it may be added, was originally the Roman name of Lebanon. The accidental finding of these tombs has disclosed an extensive and well-preserved cemetery of a city of the Roman Empire. In point of number and condition, in

fact, Professor Calza declares, "these tombs are of far greater value and interest than those found at Pompeii and Ostia, since they are not only some of the oldest brought to light, but, as a whole, give us a very exact idea of a Roman cemetery." They stand within a triangle of which each side is about half a mile long, and, though the entire necropolis cannot be excavated, it will soon be possible to examine about fifty tombs, with their vaulted ceilings, roofs, doors, inscriptions, sarcophagi, and cinerary urns. At present twenty tombs have been uncovered, and, as Professor Calza says, they undoubtedly constitute one of the most important discoveries of the past year in Italy.

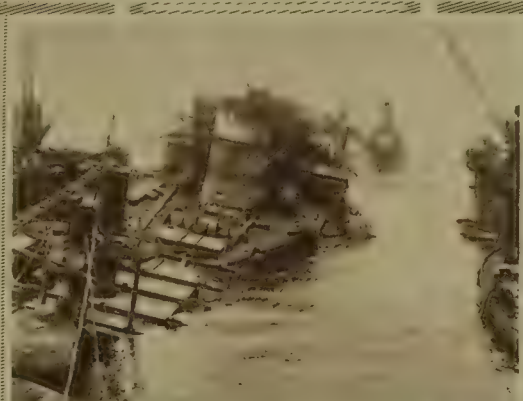
A ROMANCE OF SALVAGING: THE LARGEST SUNKEN WARSHIP EVER RAISED.



SALVAGING THE GREAT GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG" AT SCAPA FLOW: DIFFICULTIES DURING THE EARLIER OPERATIONS—A BOW VIEW SHOWING THE LIST OF 17 DEGREES WHEN PUMPING WAS STOPPED.



THE STERN OF THE "HINDENBURG" AS SEEN WHEN HALF-WAY UP TO A FLOATING POSITION: AN UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING PUMPS AT WORK AND TWO OF HER BIG GUNS.



NEARING SUCCESS: THE MAXIMUM LIST OF 7 DEGREES (AS THE STERN LEFT THE BOTTOM) REDUCED, BY PUMPING, TO 3 DEGREES.



HALF-WAY UP: THE STERN OF THE SHIP WITH 18 FT. OF WATER ON HER DECK, AND 18 FT. FROM THE BOTTOM OF SCAPA FLOW.



THE STERN OUT OF WATER, WITH LONG FUNNELS THAT GAVE ACCESS TO THE SHIP: A DECK THAT WAS 36 FT. UNDER WATER.



THE STERN TURRET AND ITS GUNS JUST EMERGING FROM THE WATER: A STAGE IN THE SALVING OF THE "HINDENBURG."



SHOWING DENTS IN THE DECK CAUSED BY THE GREAT PRESSURE OF WATER ON IT: THE STERN OF THE RAISED BATTLE-CRUISER.



A MIDWAY STAGE IN THE RAISING OF THE GREAT BATTLE-CRUISER: A VIEW OF THE "HINDENBURG" HALF-WAY UP.



THE GREATEST SALVAGE FEAT EVER ACCOMPLISHED: THE 28,000-TON BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG" COMPLETELY AFLOAT—WITH FUNNELS THAT WERE NEARLY SUBMERGED.



PREPARING FOR HER FINAL VOYAGE OF 250 MILES TO THE FIRTH OF FORTH, THERE TO BE DISMANTLED AND BROKEN UP: THE SALVED BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG" AFTER HAVING BEEN TOWED TO MILL BAY, FIVE MILES FROM SCAPA FLOW.

The greatest feat in the romantic history of salvaging was recently accomplished at Scapa Flow, where the surrendered German Fleet was scuttled in 1919. After four years of tremendous effort, the largest sunken warship ever raised—the 28,000-ton battle-cruiser "Hindenburg," 750 ft. long, with a beam of 96 ft., was at last successfully brought to the surface. The operations were supervised by Mr. E. F. Cox, of Messrs. Cox and Danks, Ltd., who have been at work there since 1924, and have now raised thirty ships, with a total of 127,500 tons, including two other battle-cruisers, a battle-ship, a light cruiser, and twenty-five destroyers. Their next task will be either the battle-ship "Prinz Regent Luitpold,"

or the battle-cruiser "Von der Tann." The task of raising the "Hindenburg" began in 1926, but after six months, owing to a series of misfortunes, she was allowed to sink back. The chief difficulty was a strong list to port. The port side round the propellers was then encased in 600 tons of concrete, and a second attempt was made last June. This time she listed to starboard, and was allowed to sink again. The starboard side was then similarly treated with concrete. Pumping began on July 15, and after an interruption due to the gales the "Hindenburg" was finally floated on July 22. She has been towed to Mill Bay, to prepare for her last voyage to the Firth of Forth, to be broken up.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOW often, when one reads in the newspapers a report of some event, either compressed for reasons of space, or guarded for fear of libel or contempt of court, the thought arises—there must be a good deal behind this, of which we are not told. It often happens, too, that a personal explanation, by someone concerned in an event of which the published descriptions have been purely objective, puts a different complexion on the whole affair. These considerations arose in reading "WITH THE 'ITALIA' TO THE NORTH POLE." By Umberto Nobile. English Translation by Frank Fleetwood. With eight illustrations, and Maps



SHOWING AT THE BACK THE SETTEE ON WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN: THE BED-ROOM OF LETIZIA BONAPARTE IN AJACCIO, CORSICA.

(George Allen and Unwin; 15s.). A fine book, and finely translated.

The disastrous event, or series of events, in which General Nobile was the central figure, caused a world-wide stir, which all remember, and it need not be recapitulated. At the time, the reports of the great airship wreck in the frozen north did not suffer from lack of publicity, nor was there any marked reticence displayed in criticising the leader of the expedition. Nevertheless, as this very frank and revealing book makes clear, there still remained a great deal "behind it all" which the public had then no means of knowing. Those who read General Nobile's intensely absorbing narrative will, I think, revise their opinions on his character and conduct, greatly in his favour, for his book throws a flood of light both on his own motives and actions and those of the many men, of various nationalities, who took part in the rescue operations; as well as on all the circumstances of the flight, the catastrophe, and its consequences. It shows some difficulties and obstructive opposition he had to face, after his own rescue, in helping to plan that of his comrades. Although publication of the book has been delayed, to let the heat of controversy die down, there is no lack of personal censure, much of it being directed against certain people aboard the Italian ship, *Citta di Milano*. General Nobile's chief complaint is that her wireless system was largely used for transmitting private messages home to Italy, and reports to the Press, instead of being concentrated on efforts to get into touch with the lost explorers, whose wireless apparatus ultimately proved their salvation.

That the book is, primarily, a defensive apologia is at once evident from the quotation on the wrapper: "At the moment I decided to leave an hour or two before my companions I never once thought that anybody would criticise my action. But if I had suspected it I should have gone just the same, for I considered it my duty." This refers, of course, to the fact that, when the Swedish airman Lundborg reached the little group at the red tent amid the Arctic wastes, he insisted on bringing away General Nobile first, greatly against his will. When he refused to go, "Lundborg (we read) answered firmly: 'No, I have orders to bring you first, because we need your instructions to start looking for the others.'" Much altercation followed, until the airman grew impatient, and at last Nobile reluctantly consented. There is no analogy here to the tradition of the sea that the captain should be the last to leave the ship. The circumstances were quite different. The ship had left him; had, in fact, flung him out on the Polar ice, incidentally breaking his right arm and leg. It was not because of his injuries, however, that he allowed himself to be rescued first, but because he was eventually convinced, contrary to his inclination, that he could thus be of most service in helping to save his comrades. No one who reads this chapter can come to any other conclusion.

It is pleasanter to turn from the polemical side of the book to its epic quality as the story of a great adventure in aerial exploration. From this point of view, it is impossible to summarise its manifold variety of incident, or to

exaggerate its thrilling interest. Perhaps the most moving passage is that relating to Captain Amundsen, who died seeking to save the man with whom he had quarrelled (probably through a clash of the northern and southern temperaments) after their association in the previous airship expedition to the North Pole. I remember reviewing here Amundsen's book, with its caustic personalities, which render all the more poignant General Nobile's tribute to his memory. "I feel (he writes) that the best homage I can render to Amundsen to-day is to quote the two radiograms which I wrote from the *Citta di Milano* at Virgo Bay. The first . . . ran as follows: 'A few days ago, in the solemn stillness of the pack, the radio brought my companions and me news that Roald Amundsen was setting out to find and rescue us. This large-hearted gesture of the grand old explorer moved me deeply by its high moral significance. At once it swept from my mind not only every shadow of resentment but the very memory of the disputes that had arisen between us.'" The final words in the book, which close the appendices, should go far to console the author for any hostility which was (he says) "the work of little men"; and for the adverse findings of the Commission of Inquiry—to which he produces cogent replies. The closing words take the form of a letter, dated May 16, 1929, to the General's wife from Mussolini, who writes: "Gentilissima Signora: These roses are meant as a token of my esteem and my profound admiration for your husband's heroism. He has written an indelible page in the history of Italy."

The scientific purpose and results of the *Italia* flight are emphasised by General Nobile. A kindred story of Arctic adventure purely in the interests of a particular science—that of meteorology—is told to excellent effect in a finely illustrated American work entitled "EXPLORING ABOUT THE NORTH POLE OF THE WINDS." By William Herbert Hobbs, Professor of Geology and Director of the Greenland Expeditions of the University of Michigan. Decorations by the Author. With twenty-six illustrations and Maps (Putnam; 21s.). I always felt there must be a good deal behind those cryptic words of the wireless announcer, that "a depression is centred over Iceland," or Greenland, or possibly Ireland. "How did he know? Someone must have been there to find out: there is a mystery behind this bald assertion that is being kept from me." I was vaguely aware that the process of discovering that depression must have been a strenuous and exciting job. The Professor's delightful book fills the gaps in my imagination and shows that such a job is even more adventurous than I thought. His experiences include a wreck and a rescue of lost airmen. Among many other interesting things, the author tells us, is that the actual North Pole is not, as might be supposed, the coldest spot on earth. Perhaps it will become a holiday resort.

In telling his story, Professor Hobbs plunges at once



THE NAPOLEON GROTTA NEAR AJACCIO, WHERE HE SPENT SOME DAYS OF HIS YOUTH WORKING OUT PLANS FOR THE FREEDOM OF HIS NATIVE COUNTRY: A ROMANTIC-LOOKING CAVE INHABITED BY THE FUTURE EMPEROR WHEN HE WAS AN ASPIRING CORSICAN PATRIOT.

in *medias res*. A summary of his work recalls that his three scientific expeditions to the Arctic (here described), under the auspices of the University of Michigan, were made "for the purpose of establishing an aerological station on the Greenland ice-cap, which is known to be the North Pole of our wind system." It rather takes the wind out of the cave of *Aeolus*. Professor Hobbs concludes

by recommending a northern air route between Europe and America, via Greenland, whereby "an excessively long hop of nearly 4000 miles is broken up into a number of moderate to short ones, the longest less than 1000 miles, and the longest continuous one over the sea only about 800 miles."

Another striking example of the unguessed romance or tragedy that may lurk behind a colourless paragraph occurs in a record (written by a journalist who went to sea for film-making purposes) of life aboard one of the sailing ships that bring grain from Australia to England—"BY WAY OF CAPE HORN." By A. J. Villiers. Author of "Falmouth for Orders." Illustrated with Photographs by Ronald Gregory Walker and the Author (Bles; 25s.). Here we have, as it were, a Conrad story in real life, or a prose counterpart of the Poet Laureate's "Dauber." At the end of his voyage, the author read in an Irish newspaper: "The Finnish three-master *Grace Harwar* has arrived here (Queenstown) from Wallaroo, Australia, with a cargo of wheat. . . . She occupied 136 days on the voyage, and lost one of her crew, an Australian named Walker, through an accident on board. He was buried at sea. The voyage, regarded here as rather a prolonged one, is described as being uneventful. She sailed into the harbour unaided, and anchored off Spike Point."

Who would look twice at such a paragraph? But now read the author's comment. "That was all (he



A ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON LIVED IN AJACCIO AND IN WHICH HE CONSTRUCTED A TRAP-DOOR: SHOWING THE EMERGENCY EXIT IN THE FLOOR NEAR THE ENTRY, FOR USE SHOULD HIS CORSICAN ENEMIES COME UPON HIM.

writes) the newspaper, no representative of which came near the ship, had to say. If that voyage was 'uneventful,' I hope that I never am called upon to serve before the mast in one that really is eventful. We were driven at least 1000 miles out of our course. . . . We had one of us killed, another went overboard, a third was very badly broken and did not get better. We were short of food. The ship leaked. She had to fight hard for it, more than once on the voyage. We were 138 days, land to land. . . . We nearly came to grief on the last night. And, going back over the whole two years' wandering, what a story was there! . . . The storms and trials of the voyage from Wilmington down to Australia, when the ship stood out into the gale that sent the *Vestris* down, and lived through it, though she carried the tiniest crew. . . . I wish that I had sailed in the old *Grace Harwar* throughout those two years and had not only come in at the end, for then I should have had a book to write that would have been interesting." It might have surpassed the present work in quantity, but hardly in quality. From all his vivid pages there stand out especially the description of his friend's tragic death, and his word pictures of that other "old friend," the ship herself.

To conclude—here is a little list of books (to some, at least, of which I hope to return) by no means to be missed by readers who feel the lure of sea and mountain or the great Polar spaces: "ACROSS ICELAND." By Olive Murray Chapman. With fifty-two illustrations (eight in colour) by the Author (Lane; 15s.); "THE ATLANTIC." By Stanley Rogers. Illustrated by the Author (Harrap; 7s. 6d.); "JOHN FRANKLIN'S BRIDE." Eleanor Anne Porden. By the Hon. Mrs. Gell. Illustrated (Murray; 15s.); "CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N." By Sir Joseph Carruthers, Premier of New South Wales, 1904-8. Illustrated (Murray; 7s. 6d.); "ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE AND RESEARCH." By Griffith Taylor, D.Sc. (Sydney), B.A. (Cambridge), Professor of Geography at the University of Chicago (Appleton; 6s.); "GO WEST—GO WISE!" A Canadian Revelation. By Marjorie Harrison. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 7s. 6d.); and "THEY CLIMBED THE ALPS." By Edwin Muller, Jr. With sixteen illustrations (Cape; 10s. 6d.). I am aware that a mere list is "bald and unconvincing," but, believe me, there is much "behind it"!

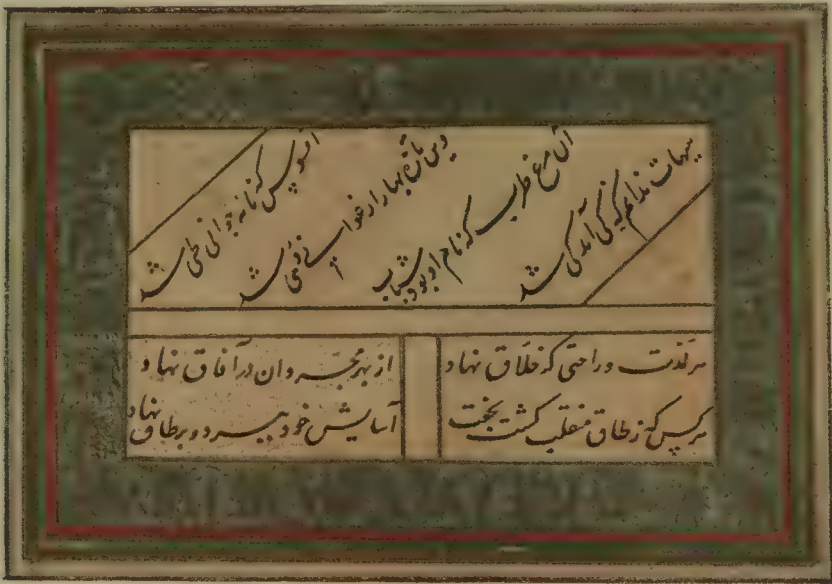
C. E. B.

For the Persian Art Exhibition? the new Omar MS. of 1505.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR M. MAHFUZ-UL HAQ, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

1.
WE now reproduce in their original colours three of the illuminated pages in the recently found sixteenth-century Persian manuscript of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the discovery of which was announced last April by Professor Mahfuz-ul Haq, who contributed an article about it to our issue of May 10, with illustrations in half-tone, including the two love-scenes here shown. The subject is now of special interest in view of the coming International Exhibition of Persian Art to be held at the

[Continued in Box 2.]



WILL IT BE INCLUDED IN THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION OF PERSIAN ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY? THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED MS. OF OMAR KHAYYÁM—A TYPICAL ILLUMINATED PAGE OF TEXT.

3.
drawing of lines, the graceful expression of faces, and the harmonious blending of colours, leave an everlasting impression of the great skill and penetrating vision of the artist." The story of the discovery is as follows. A dealer in old books bought the manuscript at an auction sale in Calcutta, and for a long time it lay unnoticed in his shop. Eventually he showed the shabby, loose and damaged manuscript to Mr. Najib Ashraf, a Persian scholar of Eihar, who realised its unique importance. He bought

[Continued in Box 4.]



"A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE—AND THOU BESIDE ME SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS": A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PERSIAN MINIATURE FROM THE NEW OMAR MS. CLAIMED TO BE THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

4.
it for Rs. 60 (£4 10s.). The original fly-leaf, which probably contained its history during the last four centuries, is unfortunately missing. A few notes on the outer border of the manuscript, however, carry its record to the latter half of the last century. One note states that the copy had originally a very large border, but this was badly damaged, and a new one was substituted in May 1891. One of the pages contains, in Roman letters, the signature of Devi Das, who lived at Pasrur, a town in the Sialkot district of the Punjab, while other evidence shows that he possessed the manuscript towards the end of last century and that it was repaired by Shamin Ahmad in 1891. On the death of Devi Das, it appears that the manuscript passed on to his heirs, who, however, did not realise its value. Consequently, the first twenty folios became damaged and discoloured through lack of care. From this point there is no trace of the manuscript until it came into the hands of the Calcutta auctioneers who disposed of it to the bookseller, Mr. Najib Ashraf, the purchaser, eventually presented it to his village library at Desna, Bihar Sharif, in the district of Patna.



"AH, MY BELOVED, FILL THE CUP THAT CLEARS TO-DAY OF PAST REGRETS AND FUTURE FEARS": AN ILLUMINATED MINIATURE (ASCRIBED TO A PUPIL OF BIHZAD, THE "RAPHAEL" OF THE EAST) IN THE MANUSCRIPT.

Royal Academy next January and February—a successor to the Flemish, Dutch, and Italian Exhibitions. The Shah of Persia is moving in the matter himself, and has authorised the loan of objects from the Imperial palaces. Among the objects to be shown—besides gold, silver, and bronze work, carpets and other textiles, pottery, glass, armour and sculpture—are miniatures and illuminated books, and it would be interesting to know whether there is any chance of the new Omar manuscript coming to London for the Exhibition. In announcing its discovery to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Professor Mahfuz-ul Haq said: "This superb manuscript, comprising 206 quatrains by the poet, was copied in A.D. 1505, only forty-five years after the Bodleian manuscript, which is the oldest known copy of Omar's Rubáiyát. The manuscript was transcribed by the famous calligraphist, Sultan Ali, of Mashhad, and illustrated by a colleague of the incomparable Bihzad—the Raphael of the East. It is very finely illuminated and tastefully decorated, and is, undoubtedly, one of the finest specimens of the art of manuscript production in Persia in the sixteenth century. The beautiful miniatures which adorn the manuscript are among the finest specimens of the pictorial art of Persia, which flourished under Tamerlane and his successors. Simple in design and execution, charming in their colour scheme, and supremely decorative in character, the paintings have a fascination of which the observer never wearies. The hair-fine

[Continued in Box 3.]

White Walls and Sunshine: Some Historic Homesteads of the Cape.

THESE delightful studies of some of the old Dutch homesteads of the Cape are of interest as visualised by an English artist. Set among the mountains and valleys of the beautiful Cape Western Province, the houses of the early Dutch period are among the classic attractions of South Africa. Their distinctive gables and thatched roofs are a constant source of delight to visitors from Europe, and they recall in a

(Continued in Box 2)



NEAR THE PICTURESQUE UNIVERSITY TOWN OF STELLENBOSCH: THE HOMESTEAD "SEVEN RIVERS"
(The Property of Colonel C. Alston.)



IN THE HEART OF A FAMOUS FRUIT-GROWING DISTRICT: THE WINE CELLARS AT "SEVEN RIVERS."
(The Property of Colonel C. Alston.)

2. remarkably pleasing way something of the old-world charm of the spacious days of the early settlement at the Cape. The genial effect of the South African sunlight on the white walls and thatched roofs is typical of the warmth and gaiety of the soft climate of Southern Africa, which, in many respects, is unlike any other climate in the world. The character of its sunshine has been compared with that of the South of France and other Mediterranean countries, but the comparison is misleading. There is a constancy in the warmth and the health-giving qualities of the South African sunshine which

(Continued in Box 3.)



SITUATED IN THE BEAUTIFUL DRAKENSTEIN VALLEY: THE HOMESTEAD "LEKKERWIJN"
(The Property of Mr. H. V. Pickstone.)

3. is difficult to analyse, except to say that those who have experienced the charms of the climate always hear its call when they are away from it. The homestead "Seven Rivers" is near the picturesque University town of Stellenbosch, in the heart of a famous fruit-growing and farming district less than thirty miles from Cape Town. The town of Stellenbosch itself is a place of rare charm, with its oak-shaded streets bordered by running streams. The homestead "Lekkerwijn" lies in the Drakenstein Valley, one of the loveliest valleys of the Western Province, and famous not only for its fruit-

(Continued in Box 4.)



ON THE INLAND SLOPES BEHIND TABLE MOUNTAIN, IN A GLORIOUS SETTING OF HILL AND VALLEY: THE JONKHEER'S HOUSE AT GROOT CONSTANTIA.

Picturesque South African Architecture.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY MURIEL CAROL MANNING. (COPYRIGHT, SHERIDAN, 1929.)

4. growing, but for its choice wines. The Jonkheer's House, at Groot Constantia, lies on the inland slopes of the Cape Peninsula, behind Table Mountain. It is a glorious environment of bold mountains and vine-covered valleys, with pine woods framing distant glimpses of the blue waters of Table Bay. A voyage to South Africa and a visit to some of the old homesteads in their setting afford as complete a change from the rigours of the English winter as the most fastidious traveller could wish for.

DEWAR'S

WONDERFUL WHISKY-

"White Label"

ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY 'VICTORIA VAT'

ASHLEY

METEORS AND METEORIC DUST: CELESTIAL PHENOMENA THAT LEAVE EARTHLY TRACES.



FIG. 1. SHOWING ORGANIC DÉBRIS MIXED WITH MINERAL AND METALLIC FRAGMENTS: ATMOSPHERIC DUST AS SEEN UNDER A MICROSCOPE BEFORE THE SEPARATION OF THE PARTICLES OF IRON AND NICKEL BY MEANS OF MAGNETISM.

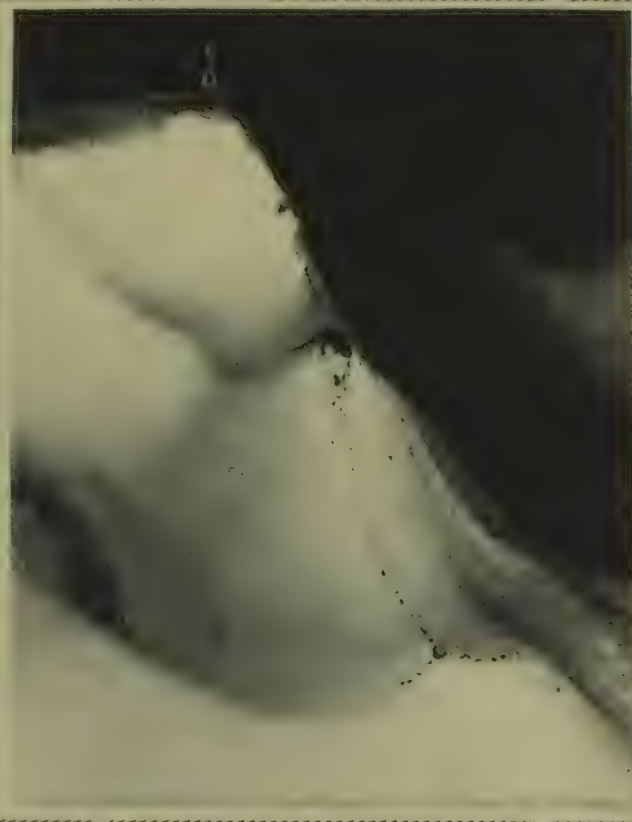


FIG. 2. SIMILAR TO THE METALLIC PARTICLES FOUND EVEN ON ALPINE SNOWS AND POLAR ICE: ATMOSPHERIC DUST PHOTOGRAPHED IN A LAYER OF SNOW.



FIG. 3. A BIG METEOR LIKE AN INCANDESCENT GLOBE THROWING OUT SPARKS AND SMALLER SHOOTING STARS, THAT MAKE SHINING STREAKS IN THE SKY: EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BODIES THAT LEAVE BEHIND A DISTINCT PHOSPHORESCENCE WHICH ONLY SLOWLY DISAPPEARS.

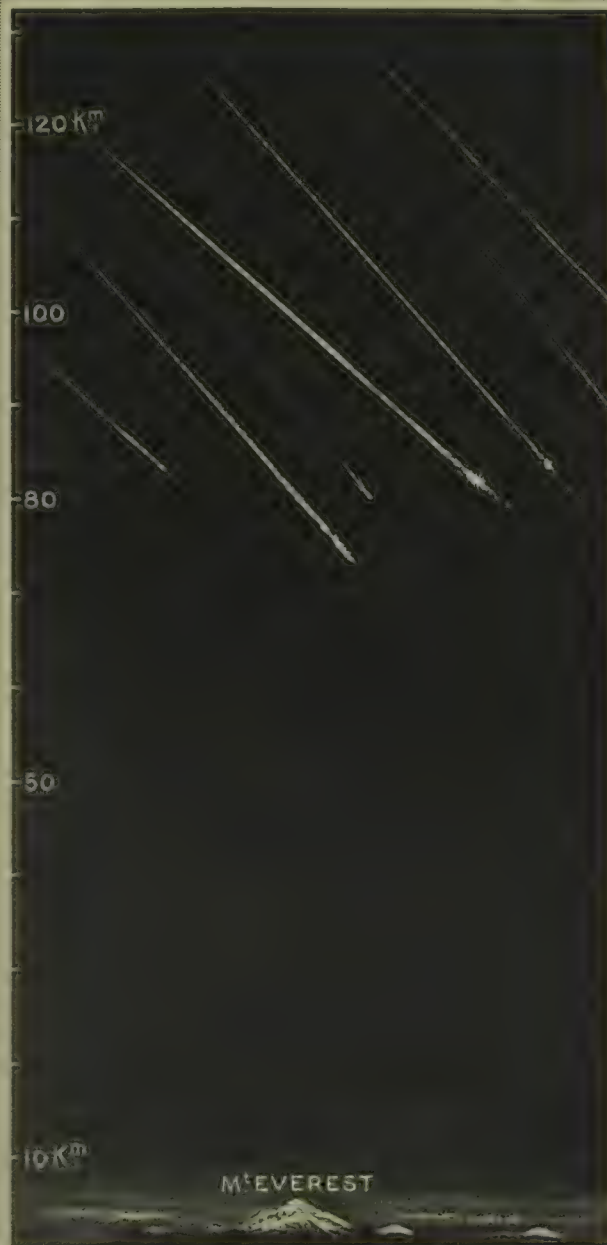


FIG. 4. COMPARING THE ALTITUDE OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE LOWEST METEORS WITH THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN: A DIAGRAM OF CELESTIAL PHENOMENA THAT ONLY TAKE PLACE HIGH IN OUR ATMOSPHERE.

The reproductions on this page illustrate diagrammatically the appearance of shooting stars and meteors and also the nature of atmospheric dust, which, as is explained in an article elsewhere, has been proved to be closely connected with these celestial phenomena. It has been practically demonstrated by a long series of systematic observations and deductions, which are described in the same article in our present issue, that these metallic elements (chiefly nickel and iron), which are present, in fact, in all atmospheric dust, have more than a conjectural connection with the appearance of meteors and shooting stars. Fig. 1 on this page shows a typical collection of atmospheric dust—organic debris of obviously

terrestrial origin brought together with mineral and metallic fragments, the last of which may have a cosmic origin. Fig. 2 shows the appearance of the metallic particles as they appear upon snow. Fig. 3 shows in the uppermost half the slender streak, sometimes with variations of luminosity along it, left by shooting stars, and the more considerable traces of a meteor seen as an incandescent globe throwing out sparks. In the lower half are seen the phosphorescent "wakes" often seen after such apparitions. Their wake may persist for some time and twist about as it goes out, as though dispersed by currents in the atmosphere. Fig. 4 shows the height at which shooting stars appear and melt away.

SHOOTING STARS & METEORS: TRACES OF THEIR DUST ON THE EARTH.

Being a Translation and an Adaptation from an Article by M. LUCIEN RUDAUX.

THERE must be few people who have not had occasion to admire for their magnificence the appearance of shooting stars and meteors making their way down the vault of heaven. Naturally, there can be no question of fixed stars actually falling from their places: what we call the sky is really the vast reaches of space thronged with suns shining at distances which we are incapable of appreciating. "Shooting stars" appear in front of this glittering backcloth, and come into contact with this earth in a quite literal sense. Actually they are pieces of detached matter, fragments streaming through space, that meet the earth in their path and enter the terrestrial atmosphere. The speed at which they travel (somewhere about 42 kilometres, or 26 miles, *per second*) produces intense friction and compression

orbits described by some of these swarms appear to coincide with the orbits of certain comets: the Perseids following the same route as the great Comet III. of 1862; while the Leonids follow Tempel's Comet of 1866. Further, another well-known stream of meteors—known as the "Biélids," and due at the end of November—connects up with Biéla's periodic comet, which went to pieces in the middle of the last century, and has never been observed since. Facts such as these incline one to believe that in some way or other the appearance of shooting stars is connected with comets.

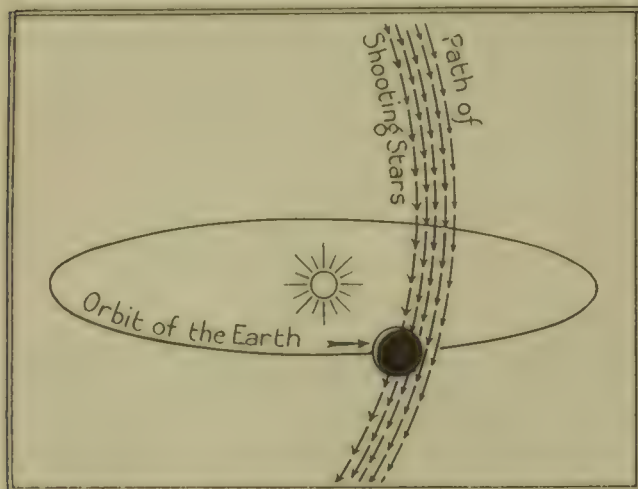
To return now to a question already raised. After their penetration into our atmosphere and their disappearance, which so shortly follows, what becomes of these tiny celestial bodies?

Many of them, no doubt some of considerable dimensions, do only brush against the earth's atmosphere as it were, showing up for a moment while passing through it, and then going onwards and being lost again to us in the depths of space. We are probably right, however, in conjecturing that those which appear to melt away entirely in our atmosphere do not do so without leaving some trace. It is also true that a large number of meteors seem to throw out sparks whose fall leaves a phosphorescent track that is sometimes very persistent, just as though something were being scattered there and its glow slowly extinguished. All of which leads us to suppose that the innumerable meteors which break in swarms into our atmosphere scatter enormous quantities of particles which fall to earth slowly in a rain of microscopic meteorites or aeroliths. What confirmation is available for such a surmise? That is the interesting problem that we have to solve.

Ferruginous particles have long been recognised as present everywhere on the earth's surface—on the snows of the highest mountain tops, as well as on the ice of Polar regions—and they have received the particular attention of Nordenskjöld. Tissandier (1875-1876) was able to show, by an analysis of these fragments, that their composition (iron and nickel) was the same as that of most meteorites. The difficulty of the problem lies in determining the cosmic origin of these particles, when household chimneys, factories, etc., are throwing out similar ones and dispersing them to the winds of heaven everywhere.

Only by systematic observations can we hope to reach a conclusion on this question. Since it is, practically speaking, impossible to come at the varied origin of these bits of atmospheric

dust by analysis of the dust itself, it remains to be discovered whether there is any relationship between the total amount of this dust and the number of meteors



THE CAUSE OF PERIODIC SHOWERS OF METEORS: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE EARTH'S ORBIT LEADING IT THROUGH A STREAM OF METEORS AND SHOOTING STARS.

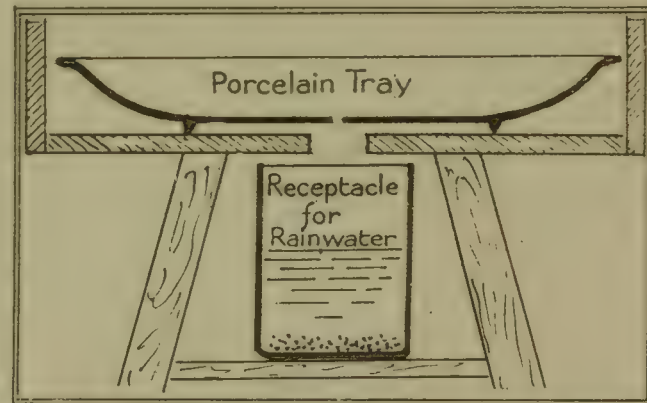
Periods of meteoric activity recur both in August and in November, a fact which was important in determining the connection between meteors and atmospheric dust which is dealt with in this article.

of the air they encounter, heating these wayward fragments to the pitch of incandescence: so that, as a glowing point of light, they leave the visual impression of a fiery track on the retina of our eyes. According to the mean of measurements recorded, the luminosity of a shooting star begins to appear at about 120 kilometres up, and ends in the neighbourhood of 80 kilometres (about 50 miles above the mean level of the earth's surface). Thus the visible part of the phenomenon takes place in the uppermost regions of the atmosphere, of which, though it is certain that they are extremely rarefied, rather less than nothing is known at present.

The fact remains clear that an extra-terrestrial body, travelling at great speed, meets a medium there capable of raising it to incandescent heat. But when this stage is over, what has become of the extra-terrestrial fragment? No longer visible to our eyes, has it really melted away, turned to thin air by the force of this intense and sudden heat? Before we take stock of such investigations as may bring information to bear on these phenomena, let us first go a little deeper into their observed characteristics.

While it is true that shooting stars can be seen on almost any night, they are yet particularly numerous at certain times of the year. The beginning of August corresponds exactly with one of these outstanding periods of activity. The meteors that flash out almost every night are mostly stray ones coming from indefinite directions; there are others—for instance, those that appear in August—that keep moving in great numbers scattered over the whole of the track that the swarm follows in space—in a word, a sort of celestial stream or river that the earth plunges into at the same period every year. At such a time the shooting stars seem all to spring from the same point in the sky—the point called their *radiant*—their shining trajectories, which are really all parallel, appear to the terrestrial observer, by the laws of perspective, to meet at a point on this radiant (in the same way that the lines of telegraphs and rails appear to fan out from a point on the horizon to an observer looking down a stretch of permanent way).

The shooting stars that appear in August seem all to radiate from the constellation known to us as "Perseus," and they are accordingly designated by the name "Perseids"—just as those of Nov. 15, that seem to spring from the constellation Leo, are called "Leonids." Schiaparelli calculated that the



USED FOR THE COLLECTION OF ATMOSPHERIC DUST IN BOTH WET AND FINE WEATHER: A DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION OF THE APPARATUS ILLUSTRATED BELOW.



THE SIMPLE APPARATUS USED FOR THE COLLECTION OF ATMOSPHERIC DUST SEEN MOUNTED ON A TRIPOD: THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS THE EXAMINATION OF THE DUST FOR METEORIC PARTICLES.

In wet weather the atmospheric dust collected in the porcelain tray is carried down by the water through the hole in the receptacle underneath, whence it can easily be collected after the water has been dried off. When the weather is dry, the dust stays in the tray and can be brushed into a receptacle, or picked up with tweezers.

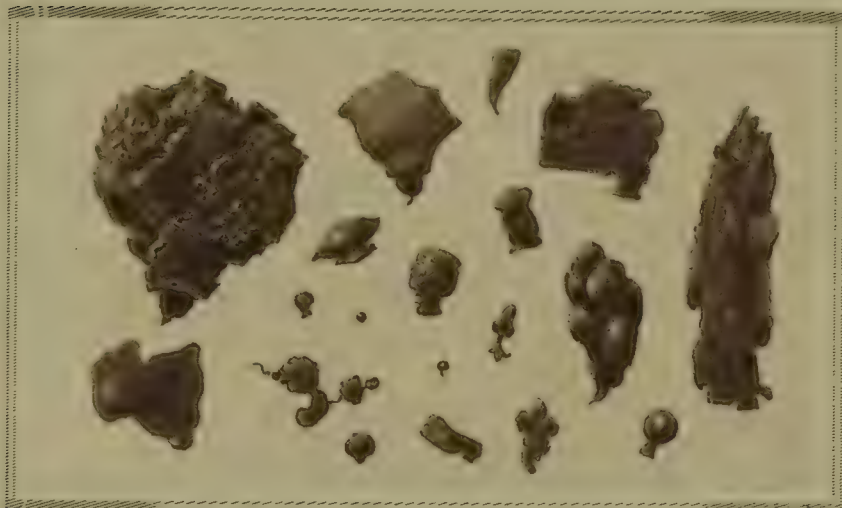


SORTING OUT MAGNETIC AND THEREFORE METALLIC PARTICLES FROM THE OTHER ELEMENTS IN THE COLLECTED DUST: GATHERING EVERY PARTICLE THAT MAY BE METEORIC ON THE END OF A BAR MAGNET WRAPPED IN TISSUE PAPER.

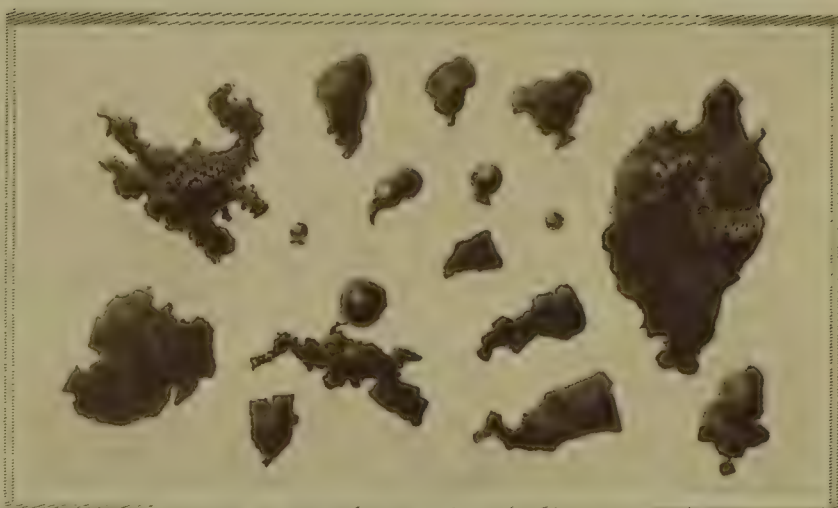
Meteoric dust being especially associated with minute particles of nickel or ferruginous substance, selection of all such as these from the collected particles of atmospheric dust is made with a magnet, which attracts both nickel and iron.

in general. As long ago as 1883 Yung verified that a more copious amount fell at the end of November and beginning of December—coinciding with the numbers of shooting stars that appear at that time of year. Further collections of dust were later made at M. Lucien Rudaux's observatory at Donville, at intervals of ten days. An examination of the first series of results confirms the idea that most of the *metallic dust particles* picked out by a magnet were of extra-terrestrial origin. In the first place, with certain notable fluctuations, the dust is more abundant in the months which are richest in meteors; a fact which was confirmed by observations made (simultaneously with those at Donville) in the south of Morocco, in 1929. Another significant fact is that the amount of dust deposited does not show the variations one would expect from purely meteorological circumstances. Thus, at Donville, which is a sea-board town, the magnetic dust was deposited sometimes in greater amounts when a wind was blowing steadily from the sea than when an off-shore wind was carrying masses of dust and fragments of an obviously terrestrial provenance. Finally, it may be added that in 1927, after the passage of a magnificent meteor which seemed to shine in the distant west, such numbers of particles were collected, and such big ones, that they were apparent even to the naked eye on the surface of the collecting device—the nearest approach, perhaps, to a direct proof of the connection of this magnetic dust with meteors and shooting stars.

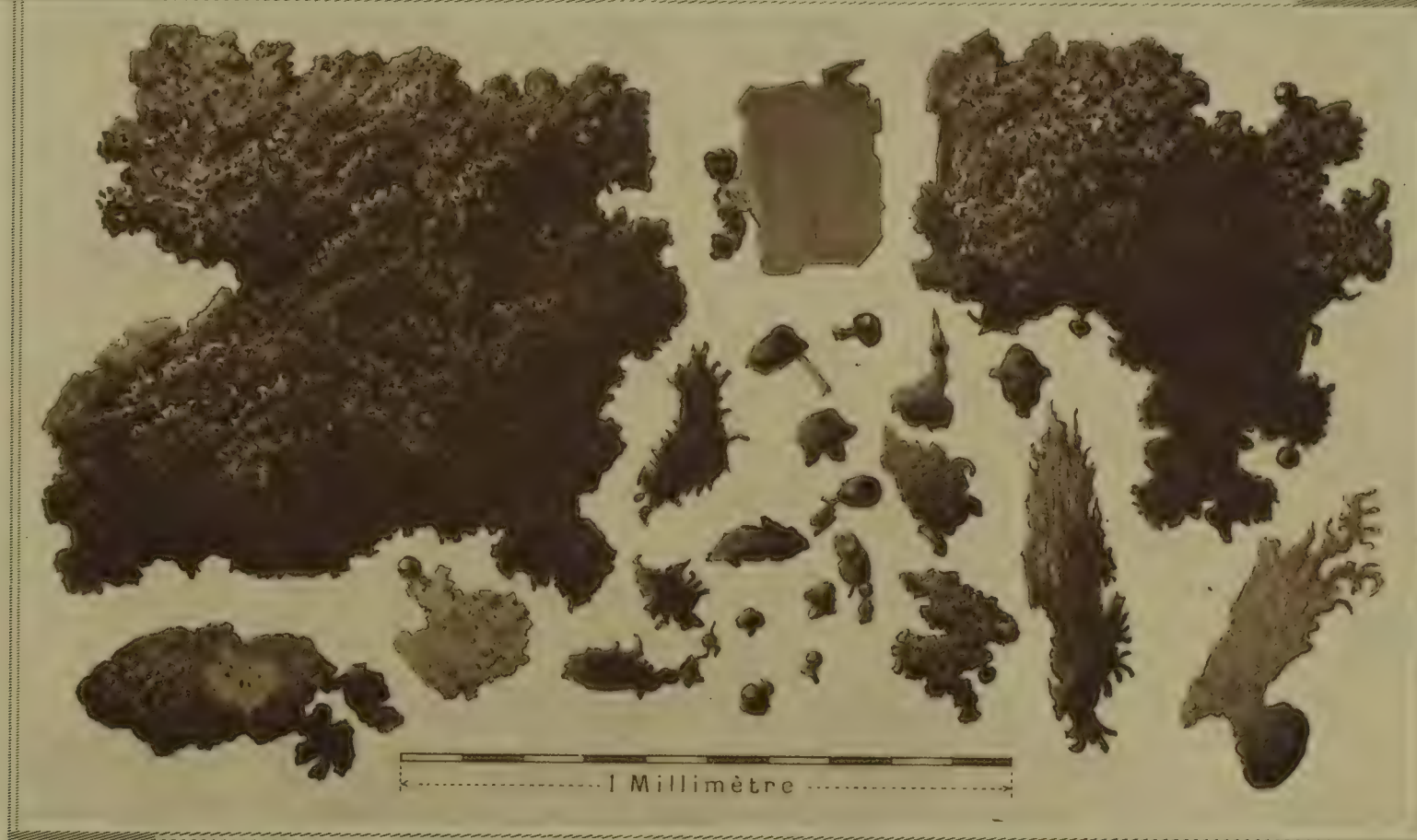
DROPPED BY METEORS? MAGNETIC DUST FROM FRANCE AND AFRICA.



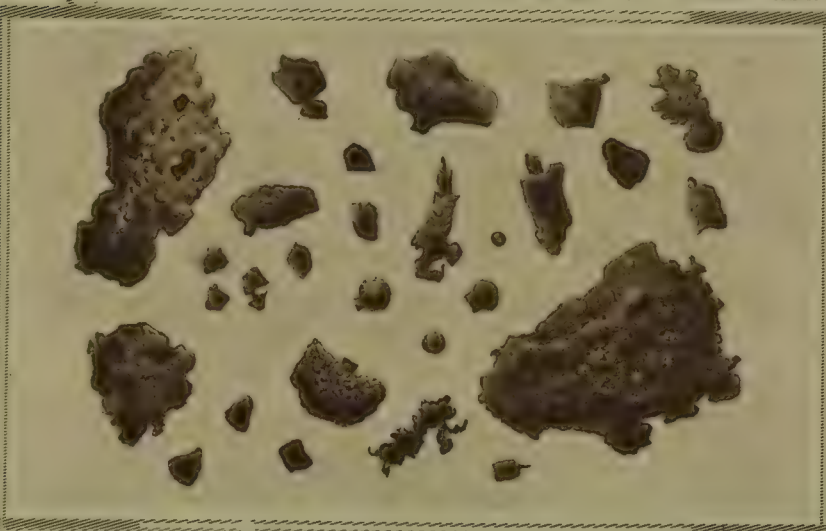
FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PARTICLES COLLECTED AT PARIS, ON THE CHANNEL AND IN MOROCCO—TO WHICH THEY ARE VIRTUALLY SIMILAR: METALLIC AEROLITHS COLLECTED FROM THE SNOW OF THE PYRENEES.



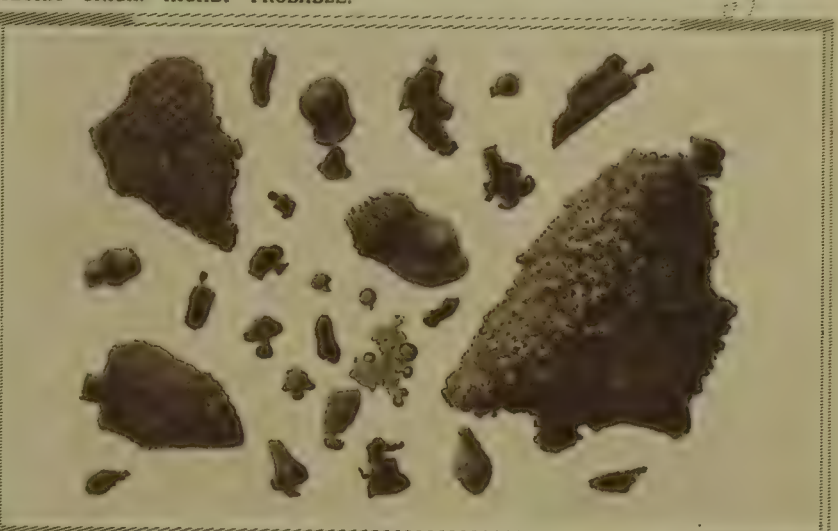
VIRTUALLY SIMILAR TO THAT FROM THE SNOW OF THE PYRENEES, THE CHANNEL, AND MOROCCO, MAKING AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL ORIGIN PROBABLE: MAGNETIC PARTICLES OF ATMOSPHERIC DUST FROM PARIS.



MAGNIFIED, BUT SEEN ON EXACTLY THE SAME SCALE AS THE OTHER FRAGMENTS ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE, AND THEREFORE OF UNUSUALLY LARGE DIMENSIONS: METALLIC FRAGMENTS SELECTED BY A MAGNET FROM ATMOSPHERIC DUST AFTER THE PASSAGE OF A BRILLIANT METEOR IN SEPTEMBER 1927—MAKING THEIR METEORIC ORIGIN HIGHLY PROBABLE.



STRENGTHENING BY THEIR SIMILARITY TO THE OTHER FRAGMENTS ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE THE HYPOTHESIS THAT ALL METEORS ARE ALIKE IN COMPOSITION FRAGMENTS, PROBABLY METEORIC, COLLECTED ON THE CHANNEL.



COLLECTED IN MOROCCO AND SIMILAR TO THOSE FROM PARIS, THE CHANNEL, AND THE PYRENEES: NICKEL AND IRON PARTICLES SELECTED BY A MAGNET FROM ATMOSPHERIC DUST AND PROBABLY OF METEORIC ORIGIN.

Atmospheric dust and aeroliths such as those illustrated on this page have proved of great importance in the study of shooting stars and meteors. By a series of systematic experiments and observations described in an article to be found in this issue, the connection of the metallic fragments found in atmospheric dust with the appearance of meteors and shooting stars in our atmosphere was demonstrated. In the first place the metallic fragments abound most at the times of year when meteoric manifestations are most frequent, a fact established by observations made simultaneously at Donville in France and in South

Morocco. Finally, in September 1927, after the passage of a magnificent meteor, fragments so numerous and so large (such as those illustrated in the centre photograph above) as to be plainly visible to the naked eye were found on the surface of the collecting apparatus. It is interesting to note in connection with this subject that a mass of meteoric iron weighing 299 lb., from the desert round Gibeon, in Great Namaqualand, on which a terrific meteoric shower once fell, probably in prehistoric times, has recently been received by the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, from the Administration of South West Africa.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

OUR BRITISH FILM PRODUCERS.

TO the lay and professional critic alike, methods of production are, at the present stage of talking-pictures, the most interesting aspect of the whole business. The public is becoming keenly alive to

Other war pictures are being held back from presentation. Yet all Alhambra records, both for stage and screen, have gone by the board since "All Quiet" opened there. It is neither the acting, nor the subject, but the genius of the Russian-born director, Lewis Milestone, that has caused the public thus to forswear its declared dislike.

For years past the producers of the Russian school have been a law unto themselves. Many people have watched their sometimes over-precious, but always interesting, proceedings with defiant scorn mixed with some measure of grudging admiration. Others, longer-sighted in financial and artistic vision, have known all along that the exaltation of the producer in Russian film technique was but the prelude to the raising of his acknowledged status in the studios of the world. It was left to American foresight so magnificently to ally the imaginative power of a Russian national with American

photography and staging all reach the highest degree of excellence may yet be a bad film. In this connection the word "producer" is more adequately descriptive of what is meant than the American term "director." To produce is to generate; to direct, merely to guide. The difference is suggestive. From all of which it would appear that there may be something new under the sun—at any rate, as far as the kinema is concerned.

There are, moreover, indications that at least one British studio is already turning to practical account the latest ideas as to what an up-to-date film producer can and must do if he is to satisfy a critical and discerning public. There have recently been privately shown three Elstree pictures which demonstrate the broadening outlook and aspirations of the directorate. These films are as dissimilar one to the other as the mentality of the producers responsible for them.

The first is Mr. E. A. Dupont's "Two Worlds"—the tri-lingual successor to his notable "Atlantic." It will be more appropriate to discuss the details of this picture on its forthcoming public presentation. For the present purpose it serves as a useful example of the way in which a film can be even more significant from the point of view of what it sets out to do than what it actually achieves. In some respects "Two Worlds" is a splendid failure. In others it reaches striking distinction. On the debit side of the production are slowness of action, discursive continuity, lack of team-sense among the players, and some ill-advised casting. On the credit side are magnificent photography, effective grouping and lighting, the almost startlingly fine performance of Randle Ayrton, considerable subtlety of suggestion in picture and sound, and the poignant, if specialised, interest of the thematic background—the traditional antagonism between Jews and Christians. Neither love nor comradeship is possible between them, in peace or in war. The psychological canvas is immense. On this score the film approaches greatness. That it does not altogether attain it is a matter for regret. That the attempt has nevertheless been made with imaginative and heroic spirit is for rejoicing. It would not be at all surprising, since Mr. Dupont is not himself English, if the foreign, and particularly the German, versions supply the missing links in British achievement.

On an entirely different level is Mr. Harry Lachman's "The Yellow Mask"—a deliberate attempt to wrest whatever entertainment values are possible from any means, however incongruous or dissonant. The film, nevertheless, after we have realised that the producer is frankly intent on "kidding" us with his preposterous story of the theft of a jewel from the Tower of London by a sinisterly educated Chinese, is sufficiently fast moving, well staged, and musically pleasant to

[Continued on page 312.]



SIR JOHN MENIER (MR. HERBERT MARSHALL, SEATED AT TABLE) IS PERSUADED BY HIS FELLOW JURORS TO AGREE TO A VERDICT OF GUILTY TO MAKE THEIR DECISION ON THE CASE OF DIANA BARING UNANIMOUS: A SCENE FROM "MURDER," A NEW BRITISH INTERNATIONAL TALKING FILM PRODUCED AT ELSTREE.

In a provincial town, during a hurly-burly caused by the stage-manager of a touring company arriving home drunk at their lodgings, the leading lady is murdered. Evidence seems to point conclusively to Diana Baring as the culprit—so much so that she is pronounced guilty by a jury including Sir John Menier, a famous actor-manager whose country house is in the locality. Sir John, however, does not feel satisfied with the verdict.

those qualities that mark the difference between mechanically first-rate and really outstanding films. They may accord the most generous applause in spontaneous laughter; they may worship wholeheartedly at the shrines of old and newer screen favourites; they may even accept without a murmur the stereotyped or the incredible.

But there is a not inconsiderable section of the public which, while it is thus outwardly passive, is by no means deceived. The attitude of these people to the large number of pictures, beautifully photographed, splendidly lighted, and often well enough acted, that yet lack the smallest modicum of fine intelligence, is one of resignation. When, however, the film-lover is confronted by such a picture as, say, "The Love Parade," in which the appeal of a brilliant star is not only supported but enhanced by the even more brilliant brain work of Ernst Lubitsch, the producer, he is quick to differentiate between the personal charm of Maurice Chevalier and the production treatment of the material with which the actor works. He may be unable or unwilling to analyse his own reactions, but he is none the less conscious of them and of their fundamental cause. Of the current films that may be said to support this argument the most remarkable is "The Blue Angel." Though this picture may have fewer actual entertainment angles than "The Love Parade," its direction by Joseph von Sternberg has made of it, apart from the acting of Emil Jannings, a thing of unforgettable poignancy and power which the public, once again, has been quick to appreciate.

"All Quiet on the Western Front," now in the fourth month of its run at the Alhambra, is another example of the way in which the producer, and the producer alone, can often hold the public in the hollow of his hand. This film is a thing of terror—terror of subject, terror of spirit, tragedy of end. We have been told over and over again that the public is sick of war books, war films, reminders of war in any shape or form. "Journey's End," despite its fine acting and the ready-made advertisement accorded to it by the play, had but comparatively short-lived runs both at the Tivoli and the Avenue Pavilion.



AN ACTRESS ACCUSED OF MURDERING HER LEADING LADY: MISS NORAH BARING AS DIANA BARING, IN "MURDER."

training and technical personnel.

Looking, then, to the future of the World of the Kinema, it would seem that more and more attention will be focussed on the production side of screen art. Enough has been said to make it clear that much more is meant by this than mere photography, staging, lighting and sound. These and the living actors are but the material with which the producer works. Their inspiration is as individual and as elusive as the scent of hidden flowers. It is, nevertheless, so vital that without it a film in which acting,



AN ACTOR-MANAGER AS AMATEUR DETECTIVE: SIR JOHN MENIER (MR. HERBERT MARSHALL; CENTRE) IN QUEST OF FURTHER EVIDENCE, ENTERTAINS MR. AND MRS. MARKHAM (MR. EDWARD CHAPMAN AND MISS PHYLLIS KONSTAM), MEMBERS OF THE SAME TOURING COMPANY AS DIANA BARING—A SCENE IN "MURDER."

Sir John Menier, who has become interested in the strange case of Diana Baring through being one of the jury that found her guilty, does not feel satisfied with their verdict. His investigations necessitate expeditions into surprising places—with equally surprising results.

WHY THE "RED TERROR" THRIVES IN CHINA: CIVIL WAR THAT MONOPOLISES TROOPS.



DISPLACEMENT OF POPULATION CAUSED BY THE CHINESE CIVIL WAR: A BOAT-LOAD OF REFUGEES ON THEIR WAY TO NANKING FROM THE WAR ZONE IN THE PROVINCE OF HONAN.



AN ENTRAINMENT OF CHINESE TROOPS, IN OPEN RAILWAY TRUCKS: MEN OF THE NATIONALIST FORCES ON THEIR WAY FROM HSUCHOWFU TO THE LUNGHAI FRONT.



A CASUALTY DURING THE FIGHTING IN HONAN BETWEEN THE NATIONALISTS AND THE NORTHERNERS: A WOUNDED SOLDIER BEING REMOVED ON A STRETCHER TO LIUHO STATION.



SEATED BENEATH THEIR UMBRELLAS ON THE COACH ROOFS OF A TRAIN: ANOTHER CROWD OF REFUGEES MAKING FOR NANKING FROM THE AREA OF FIGHTING IN HONAN.



A TYPICAL GROUP OF CHINESE NATIONALIST SOLDIERS: A HALT FOR REFRESHMENTS AND ABLUTIONS ON THE WAY TO THE LUNGHAI FRONT FROM HSUCHOWFU.



HOW RED CROSS WORK IS CONDUCTED IN CHINA: WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT A DRESSING STATION AT LIUHO—EVIDENCE OF FIGHTING PRELIMINARY TO AN ATTACK ON KAIFENG, CAPITAL OF HONAN.

These photographs, just to hand from China, illustrate incidents that occurred a few weeks ago on the Liuho front in Honan, during the campaign between the Nationalist armies of the Nanking Government, under Chiang Kai-shek, and the opposition forces, known as the Northerners, under Feng Yu-hsiang and other leaders. As noted in our last issue, where a series of photographs illustrating the same campaign appeared, the civil war, with all its complexities, has been overshadowed lately by the wave of "Red" terrorism spreading through the Yangtze Valley. Since the sack of Changsha, mentioned in our previous account, Hankow itself has been threatened, and the British Government recently sanctioned the

despatch of war-ships and a detachment of troops to that town to protect British life and property. The Nanking Government has stated that it will hold itself responsible for any acts committed by Chinese citizens, but that Government, it has been pointed out, has no force available against the Communist marauders, while its military energies and resources are exhausted in an indecisive civil war. It was reported on August 10 that Chiang Kai-shek expected to occupy Tsinanfu (capital of Shantung) in a few days, and Peking within a month; but statements issued by the opposing side conflicted with these claims. Independent opinion deduced that there was not much fighting anywhere.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE FLIGHT OF BATS: CREATURES WORTH STUDY BY AEROPLANE-BUILDERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH midsummer is past, there are yet blissful evenings to come, when, as twilight falls, we can sit on the lawn to enjoy the marvellous evolutions of the bats, as they turn and twist before the house in their hunt for supper. To me, this brief period provokes a feeling of intense pleasure. As an exhibition of flight, this dance of the bats surpasses that of all other creatures which fly, except, perhaps, the dragon-fly. No others are so silent, no others can turn in their tracks so suddenly. The builders of aeroplanes have devoted much study to the flight of birds, but I venture to believe that they would gain some useful hints from the bats.

I write, however, just now, not so much to suggest new lines of investigation into the mechanism of flight, as to comment on one or two phases in the flight of bats which have long puzzled me, as they have, probably, many of those who read this page. I allude to the startling suddenness with which a bat in full career will "nose-dive," or, with equal suddenness, strike directly upward. Many people, indeed, have commented on this, and some contend that these lightning changes of direction are made in the pursuit of prey. They are to be compared with the swoop of a hawk as he closes on his victim.

I have never had much success in following these flights through glasses. But some, who have contrived to keep them in view at such times, say that these plunges are made with closed wings. Others have had the good fortune to see a large moth or a cockchafer seized by a bat, when, they tell us, the victims, being too large to be caught and swallowed without more ado, are held in the interfemoral pouch for a moment or so, while being broken up. This pouch is formed by that portion of the wing-membrane (Fig. 1) which is stretched between the hind-leg and the tail, which, at such times, is turned forwards under the belly.

Here, then, is something of a mystery which needs clearing up. For there is no convincing evidence that these observations can be regarded as statements of fact. There is yet time to take up this theme. As a rule, of course, the prey is far too small to be seen, especially at dusk. It is only when some large beetle is being chased, and captured, that one can be sure of the cause of the plunge. Fortunately, one's observations need not be confined to any one of the dozen species which hold the rank of British bats. But the majority of these are commoner in the South and Midlands of England than further north.

One of these, the little long-eared bat (*Plecotus auritus*), seen in Fig. 3, may justly be called the most remarkable of our native mammals, though I suspect that but few, even among those fortunate enough to live in the country, realise that they have so distinguished a neighbour. For this is the only one of our native mammals whose ears are nearly as long as its body. Even so, they are not "merely" ears; they are, indeed, "ears with a difference." For they consist of two distinct elements—the "ear" proper, or "concha," which is marked by peculiar transverse corrugations, and an exceedingly long, narrow, blade-like membrane known as the "tragus."

Though this is present in all our bats, in none other does it attain to such a length. Furthermore, when at rest, the long, scoop-like outer ear is folded back along the body, leaving the "tragus" standing up like a couple of horns.

This much cannot escape the notice of the most unobservant, when examining a captive specimen. But no one, so far as I know, has ever discovered the significance of this curious feature. We must assume, apparently, that these horn-like appendages are more sensitive either to sound, or to touch, than the large outer-ear. Here is a theme for a little experimental work within the reach of all who live where this little bat is at all common. For—and this is somewhat surprising—it is easily tamed, and makes a most delightful pet. With such a charming captive—and that captivity need not be permanent—

there might be settled many points in dispute as to the sources of information which bats possess in regard to the senses of hearing, touch, and sight.

Let a beginning be made with this matter of sight. "Blind as a bat" is a phrase one often hears. And it seems to be justified. For experiments made long ago,

they are so minute, mere little black beads smaller than a pin's head.

Here, then, is an opportunity for a little original investigation by any who will take the trouble to keep a few captives. For the long-eared bat thrives better in captivity than any other species, and can best be taken in mid-winter when lethargic, if a supply of food can be assured. At first they are very shy, and will refuse food from the hand, but will eat insects left in the cage. But before long they become most winning and trustful pets. When a number are kept together, they display great playfulness, their gambols on the ground being not the less amusing from their awkwardness, for their legs are but ill-adapted for walking. But they seem to resent the intrusion of another species, for Bell, the author of the famous book on British quadrupeds, remarks that they displayed a most unneighbourly attitude towards a barbastelle placed in the same cage with them.

The pipistrelle, or "flitter-mouse" (*Pipistrellus*), is the smallest of our bats, attaining to a length of no more than 1 2-3rds of an inch. It is also the commonest, and most widely distributed, being found throughout the British Islands, including the Outer Hebrides. It will even contrive to find congenial quarters in cities, where it shelters in crevices in walls, water-pipes, and the eaves of houses. In the open country caves and trees are also selected. The noctule (*Nyctalus noctula*), seen in Fig. 2, is the largest of our bats, measuring about 5 inches in length, including the tail. It is commonest in the South and Midlands, whence it extends to the East Coast. In Norfolk, when I was a boy, it always delighted me to watch their extremely rapid flight high up in the sky.

Hollow trees and the eaves of houses are its favourite sleeping-places. The greater horse-shoe bat (*Rhinolophus ferrum-equinum*) and the lesser horse-shoe bat (*R. hipposideros*) are remarkable for the strange and conspicuous upstanding leaf-like folds of skin surrounding the nose. What is the function of these folds; and why are they not found in the long-eared bat?

Both these species display an extraordinary agility when alighting. Other species alight with the head uppermost, and then shuffle round till they hang head downwards, ready for the next flight. But the two horse-shoes, just before alighting, turn a somersault, and with incredible speed catch hold with their hind-feet and hang, at once, head downwards. In Fig. 3, the

long-eared bat will be seen hanging head downwards, and in the position assumed when walking, which is rather a laborious process. The two uppermost are seen as if just settling down, with the ears fully extended; just below are two finally at rest, with only the "tragus" showing. Noctules which have just alighted, and a female carrying its young, are shown in Fig. 2. The youngster accompanies its mother during her flights, clinging to her fur.

There are interesting differences in the relative size of the hind-feet, and of the interfemoral membrane, in the various species of bats. This last, as I have mentioned, is used, at need, to serve as a pouch to get a better grip of large prey. In *Barbastella* it is conspicuously large, and it would be interesting to note whether this species makes more use of this pouch than the long-eared bat (Fig. 1), or the lesser horse-shoe bat (*Rhinolophus*), wherein it is extremely

small. I have been able to give here no more than a few bare facts concerning one or two species, but this account will, I hope, excite sufficient interest to attract more observers.

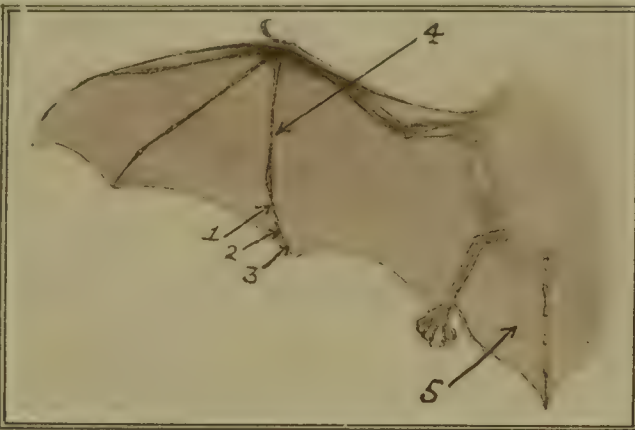


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE INTERFEMORAL MEMBRANE THAT IS USED AS A POUCH: THE WING-MEMBRANES OF THE LONG-EARED BAT.

In the fore-limb of the bats, the palm-bones (4) are not enveloped in a mass of muscular tissue, as the human hand, but consist of mere rods of bone, widely splayed out, to join the finger-bones (1, 2, and 3), which are precisely similar rods of bone stretching the wing-membrane, like the ribs of an open umbrella. The interfemoral membrane (5) varies conspicuously in size, and also in its attachment to the foot, in the different species of bats.

some of which I do not wish to see repeated, showed conclusively that in the dark they can make their way through a maze of threads stretched across a room without touching one. This suggests some extraordinarily delicate sense of touch, surpassing anything within our experience. Hence, in a state of freedom, they probably depend on this tactile sense, both for avoiding obstacles, and for detecting prey. That they are seen at large only during the twilight may mean no more than that when darkness falls their prey retires to rest. The records of the naturalist James Sowerby would seem, however, to show

that they do indeed see well. For one of his captives became very tame, and would fly to anyone who held up a fly towards it, and, pitching, would take the insect without any faltering. If the insect were held between the lips, the little creature would settle on its patron's cheek and take the fly from his mouth with the greatest gentleness. When one of his friends made a humming noise, in imitation of an insect, the bat would search about his lips, guided by the sound, for the expected dainty. It is to be noted, however, that a captive whiskered-bat (*Myotis*) was unable to detect a meal-worm if more than an inch away from

its face. This seems to confirm the view that bats do not see their prey at all distinctly, until, at any rate, they almost touch it.

Now, is the very accurate sense of perception shown by the long-eared bat due to sight, or sound? Scent is out of the question, since it would fly to the lips to find a non-existent insect. Of course, this would rule out, or would seem to rule out, sight also. But it might well be that it flew to a familiar source of food in the expectation of seeing something eatable. When one comes to examine the eyes of a bat, acuity of vision seems impossible, for



FIG. 2. OUR LARGEST BAT: NOCTULES AT THE MOUTH OF A CAVE—TWO WHICH HAVE JUST ALIGHTED, AND A FEMALE CARRYING ITS YOUNG.

The fairly long thumb, and its claw, are used as aids in climbing. In walking, as in all the bats, the hind-leg is turned so that the knee and shin face backwards. The young one is carried head downwards, attached to the mother's fur, even during flight.



FIG. 3. "THE MOST REMARKABLE OF OUR NATIVE MAMMALS": LONG-EARED BATS IN THEIR "ROOSTING-PLACE"—SOME HANGING HEAD DOWNWARDS, OTHERS IN THE WALKING POSITION.

Though these bats can hang up by the claw or the thumb, they generally suspend the body, head downwards, by the feet. When they have finally settled down, the enormous outer ear is folded back along the body, leaving the "tragus" projecting like two horns. In walking, the wrist-joint alone is used as a support.

WILES OF THE BUCKING HORSE: COWBOYS AT A CANADIAN "STAMPEDE."



TRYING TO PITCH THE RIDER OVER HER HEAD: "LADY LOU" (RIDDEN BY PAT SMYTHE) IN A BUCKING HORSE CONTEST AT CALGARY.



REARING UP TO DROP THE RIDER OFF BEHIND: "NOBODY'S DARLING" (RIDDEN BY JIM MOONEY) IN THE CALGARY STAMPEDE.



BUCKING WITH A SIDEWAYS TWIST OF THE HIND LEGS: "BILLY DEE" (RIDDEN BY BOB WIGMORE) DURING THE CALGARY COMPETITION.



A FURIOUS LEAP CALCULATED TO TEST THE RIDER'S BALANCE: R. BARLETT ON "216" DURING A BUCKING HORSE CONTEST.



WITH HEAD LOWERED TO PITCH THE RIDER FORWARD FROM A QUIVERING ARCH: "SENSATION" (RIDDEN BY LEO WATRIN).



A PARTICULARLY VICIOUS "BUCK" THAT ATTAINED ITS OBJECT: LLOYD COOK PARTING COMPANY WITH HIS MOUNT, "HARRY R."



TRYING THE EFFECT OF A SIDEWAYS TWIST BOTH "FORE AND AFT": A WHITE MARE NAMED "BLANCO BESS" IN THE CALGARY STAMPEDE.



ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL BUCK, WITH A TWISTING KICK OF THE HIND LEGS: J. H. CAMPSALL THROWN BY HIS MOUNT, "INDIAN," AT CALGARY.



A FRONT VIEW OF THAT DISCONCERTING TWIST OF THE HINDQUARTERS: CANADA KID, MOUNTED ON "SNOWBALL," KEEPS HIS SEAT.

These very interesting studies, illustrating the tricks and furious efforts of bucking horses to throw their riders, were taken a few weeks ago during an event termed the Stampede, a spectacular feature of the Exhibition at Calgary, Alberta, held to display the natural resources of the Canadian North-West, and thrilling Western sports in their natural environment. In the Stampede participated a host of cowboys and cowgirls, as well as Mounted Policemen and Indian braves and squaws, and the items included the riding of bucking horses and steers, milking of wild cows, roping of calves, and decorating wild steers. The above photographs are reminiscent of the famous Rodeo held at Wembley in 1924, of which we

wrote at the time: "Few of the amateurs who tried to ride the bucking horses were able to stay on their mounts for more than a few seconds. Probably no one but the cowboys can ride them; that is, no one who is not used to riding such rough animals without the cowboys' particular equipment and methods. It has been remarked that the cowboys ride with a 'straight leg'—in other words, with long stirrups—and that, unlike the riders of other countries, who grip with their knees, the cowboys manifest their skill in balancing in their stirrups. It is feasible to suppose that this is the only way to beat the bronks." The word "bronk," it may be added, is an American term for a bucking horse.

THE ENGLAND OF 1893-1910 AND 1930: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

PEOPLE are fond of saying that the modern world is in a state of perpetual revolution. Although civilisation was static in old days it is now dynamic. In that incessant transformation of everything, we see the decisive superiority of our epoch over those which have preceded it, and the supreme standard by which we can judge the merits of modern peoples. Is there not perhaps a little illusion in that flattering opinion, which we have formed of ourselves and of our transformation? Do we not sometimes mistake what is really only the acceleration of the previous movement for a change of direction? That acceleration is real, for a century past each generation has lived more hurriedly. But the tendencies and aims—what the English call the "drift"—of our civilisation change perhaps less than a superficial examination would have us believe.

There are, however, exceptions; countries in which the direction changes in the midst of the accelerated pace. It appeared to me that England was one of those countries. I spent nearly a year there, in the days of my youth, in 1893-1894, during the last period of the Victorian era. Up to 1910 I frequently returned there on short visits. After 1910 my visits were suspended for twenty years. But what a contrast I found to my recollections of 1910, and especially to those of 1894, when I once more crossed the Channel in the spring of this year! In 1893 Great Britain was still, for a Continental European, a lost island in an immense lonely ocean, lying at an incalculable distance from all inhabited countries. I shall never forget the impression of isolation in which I lived in London during my first stay there. I felt much closer to continental Europe in the United States in 1909 than in London in 1893. And on that lonely island, work, riches, political liberty, were wrapped in a strong religious spirit, as if it were sunk in a rather sad austerity, but which afforded a stranger a wonderful spectacle of rigid hierarchy which was at the same time original and solid.

The England which I found again in 1930 seemed to me much gayer, more supple, living, profane and continental. The religiosity of the Victorian era seems, to a great extent, to have evaporated. Social rank is no longer so sharply divided; everywhere one finds traces of the dumb but continuous working of a process of levelling and fusion. A breath of gaiety, a ray of elegance and grace, a new spirit of liberty and equality have given greater suppleness and softened, at least in external life, that *je ne sais quoi* of rigidity and almost sombreness, which thirty years ago struck a Frenchman or Italian so forcibly. Europe is no longer an incalculable distance away, as in 1893. One need only walk in the old parts of the City or in those parts which are being rebuilt: everywhere one sees on one side the American influence and on the other the Continental, French or German. Sometimes I felt as if England were held as in a vice between the two continents. The triumph of the feminist movement, which in 1893 had hardly begun, and the appearance of all those elegant and often pretty young women who now mingle in every department of life, have contributed much to that transformation.

Those English people to whom I communicated these ideas and who, on account of their age, were in a position

to give an opinion from their recollections, agreed with me, only remarking that the change was more accentuated in London than in the rest of England. That is natural. The great capitals are like a kind of megaphone of contemporary life: they enlarge the tendencies of the epoch by exaggerating them. If in London one sees a vivacity, a gaiety, a liberty of modes and manners greater than there was thirty years ago, it is because all England is more or less transformed in the same way. Is the "Merry England" of old days, which Protestantism and industrialism seemed to have extinguished for ever, about to reappear?

I do not know. What struck me most during my last visit to England was a curious contradiction of the outside and the inside. That outward gaiety and vivacity seemed to cover to-day preoccupations and anxieties which did

the continued uncertainty of the European situation, and the Naval policy of the United States. . . . This is enough to trouble the sleep of the Nation, whose power and riches are charged with such great responsibilities. But if these preoccupations are visibly manifest, if they are easy for an earnest observer to note, it seems to me that they are multiplied by a deeper, hidden anxiety, the cause of which it is more difficult to ascertain, but whose action is perhaps more intense.

Great Britain up to 1914 had been governed by the superior classes. When universal suffrage was extended the Conservative and Liberal parties tried, by different methods, to capture the sympathies and votes of the masses; but both of them drew their support from the superior classes—their doctrines, programmes, animating passions, directing officials—and from financial means. Outside

these two parties no third party existed which could be compared to the numerous parties by which the middle classes and the popular classes are represented on the Continent as independent political forces. The Labour Party in 1914 was still very small, and had only a modest political influence. Organised as trade unions, the working classes defended their professional interests, and did not draw back from long and desperate struggles with the forces of Capital. But in politics they followed the superior classes, voting like the middle classes, sometimes for the Conservatives and sometimes for the Liberals.

In fact, up till 1914 Great Britain was the one of the European States which politically could count more on the docility of the people and the lower middle class. It was this that excited the admiration and envy of the rest of Europe. But that privilege had not fallen from the skies upon the

big island enveloped in fog. In the second half of the 19th century the people and the lower middle class had greatly benefited by the growing prosperity. All the Governments, Conservative and Liberal alike, had taken much trouble to improve their material and moral condition. They had given them education and increasingly perfect forms of help, political liberty, and numerous facilities for raising themselves on the social ladder. The rich classes had taxed themselves considerably in order to help the masses. Up to 1914 there was no great country in Europe where the masses paid fewer taxes than in England. And there was no conscription. It was the British State and not the people who made war; the repercussion of war upon the masses was limited to a light imposition of taxes. As the people were not forced to go out and fight, wars might break out, but the majority of the British people lived under a régime of perpetual peace.

That happy past is now only a memory. The world war introduced conscription into the country. Millions of Britons had to go and fight in Europe, in Asia and Africa, like the French, Germans and Italians, as a duty and not by their own free choice. An enormous shock overthrew the depths of society, traditions, ideas and inclinations. And so the same rupture has come about in England during the last ten years, as it did long ago on the Continent; the middle and popular classes have detached themselves from the superior classes and are trying to conquer political autonomy by organising and attaching themselves to new parties. Small and without influence as it was in 1914, the Labour Party has since twice governed the Empire. Why? What does this somewhat brusque interruption of the game of see-saw between the Conservatives and Liberals, which they had carried on for so long, signify? The impressions which I gathered

(Continued on page 312.)



THE FEMININE SIDE OF ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS IN INDIA: A CORDON OF INDIAN WOMEN (LATER ARRESTED) PICKETING THE ENTRANCE TO BOMBAY TOWN HALL DURING AN AUCTION OF LIQUOR-SHOP LICENSES—WITH EXCISE POLICE STANDING BEHIND THEM.

Forty-six Indian women volunteers, such as those shown above, were recently arrested at Bombay, and marched to the lock-up, for picketing the annual auction of toddy (country liquor) shop licenses. They are seen above drawn in a cordon across the entrance to the Town Hall, where the auction was held, while behind them are the Excise Police. The arrested women were released after an hour's detention.

not exist in 1893. Under the slightly melancholy rigidity of the end of the Victorian epoch lay hidden a tranquillity, security and confidence in the future which was simple and robust, which struck and rather irritated the young traveller who had come from the anxious Continent. It would be vain to seek for the signs of an analogous state of mind to-day. One cannot help perceiving this if one talks with people belonging to all sorts of different classes and professions, if one reads for a few weeks the newspapers of different political parties, and follows the debates in Parliament, and the incidents of political life.

The reasons for these preoccupations are numerous. The one which is immediately obvious to the eyes of an observant stranger is the economic crisis, with its multitudinous manifestations; from the crushing weight of taxes, to the question of unemployment. It is a long while since England went through such difficult times. The weight of taxation is so heavy that the newspapers end by openly deploring that England did not follow the example of France, Italy and Belgium, and reduce by at least one half the legal value of the pound sterling. Even those industries by which England made her fortune, coal, cotton, wool and iron, are at grips with the gravest difficulties. But the most agonising problem of all is that of unemployment. It was thought at first that it was due to one of those recurring crises of production to which the industrial world is everywhere subject. Consequently, confidence was felt in the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, and it was hoped that the crisis would gradually decide itself. People are now beginning to see that the cause is more deeply seated, and that it is part of a universal perturbation of the ancient economic balance, under which and thanks to which England had so marvellously prospered up to 1914. Add to all this the anxieties about India, Egypt and China,

THE INGENIOUS & THE CURIOUS:
NEW INVENTIONS
RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



WITH REVOLVING CYLINDERS INSTEAD OF SAILS: THE ROTOR SHIP "BARBARA" AT BARCELONA. In 1922, Anton Flettner, associated with the University of Göttingen, was the first to carry out experiments with ships having revolving cylinders, upon which air currents have a very marked effect. The three "towers," kept revolving by a small motor, do all that sails can do for a vessel.



ESCAPING FROM A SUBMARINE: THE SPANISH LIFE-SAVING "BUOY" COMING TO THE SURFACE. The large number of submarine accidents that have occurred in recent years give to the Spanish invention illustrated above a special interest, both for its humanitarian qualities and also for the remarkable ingenuity shown by its inventor, Captain Genora Torruella, in solving a problem that has eluded naval inventors for many years. The apparatus consists of a small buoy, which, when it is desired to leave the submerged submarine, is catapulted to the surface, carrying a sailor inside. In case of accident, it can be used to save the entire crew. At trials held in July, off Cartagena, in the presence of Spanish Naval authorities, the buoy proved successful.



CAPTAIN TORRUELLA AT THE SURFACE AFTER LEAVING A SUBMARINE: TESTING THE LIFE-SAVING BUOY.



STOPPING THE CAR DEAD BY A SLIGHT PRESSURE ON A BUMPER: A NEW AMERICAN ANTI-COLLISION DEVICE. The electrical contact on the new American safety device for cars, the "Sure Guard," works from the forward bumper. Even a slight pressure on the bumper brings the two copper spring contacts together, and sets the mechanism in operation, automatically applying the brakes, switching off the ignition, and stopping the car dead.



ON HER WAY TO FETCH A PASSENGER; AN AIRSHIP NEARING THE LINER "BREMEN."



AN AIRSHIP ABOARD SHIP: THE "MAYFLOWER" MOORED ON THE DECK OF THE "BREMEN." There she was secured by a landing crew of twenty-three, and Mr. Paul W. Litchfield, President of the Goodyear Rubber Company, stepped on board the airship and was carried to the nearest airport. The "blimp" (which was a small commercial dirigible) was the "Mayflower"; "blimp," it will be remembered, was the term evolved during the early years of the war to describe the small non-rigid dirigibles used for patrolling the North Sea. About sixty of them were built in America by the Goodyear Tyre Company.



A MOTOR-BOAT ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY WIRELESS: A MECHANICAL MARVEL SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY WEEK. This marvel of naval ingenuity was to be seen in No. 3 Basin at Portsmouth during Navy Week. The display, in which the boat, 35 ft. long, registered all kinds of movements of speed and direction without a soul on board, was organised by the Signal School and "Vernon," with assistance from "Fisgard." It is interesting to note in this connection that the crowds drawn to the Portsmouth Navy Week totalled 137,568—some 45,000 more than last year.



A GAME OF BASEBALL PLAYED AT LOS ANGELES BY ELECTRIC LIGHT: NOCTURNAL SPORT ON A COLOSSAL SCALE IN AMERICA. It is said that this huge Stadium at Los Angeles, California, outrivals anything that has been hitherto got up in New York in the "Great White Way" Stadium, as far as nocturnal baseball and sport are concerned. The above photograph shows the William Wrigley field, at Los Angeles in California, which uses over 40,000,000 candle-power, distributed by 144 powerful projectors, to give light to the players.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BATTERSEA ENAMELS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the highest æsthetic standards than to ask a Worcester teapot to equal in any way a Chien-Lung vase from the Imperial Collection. They are at their best delicate and amusing; at their most ordinary still amusing.

On another little box are two white doves hovering above two white hearts; the background is a deep blue, and across it one reads "May you be happy."

ON this page last week I wrote about enamel portrait miniatures of the 18th century. The present article deals with those other objects in enamel produced in England during the same period and in the early years of the 19th century, and which are known everywhere as Battersea Enamels, irrespective of whether they were actually made in London or Staffordshire. No doubt their popular description is by now so thoroughly sanctified by use—like "Nankin" porcelain—that no other is possible. At the same time, it must be pointed out that the factory at York House, Battersea, was in active operation only from the year 1750 to 1756, when the owner, Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen, went bankrupt, and that, though it is possible, there is no documentary proof whatever that anyone restarted the business in the same neighbourhood afterwards.

COPIED—AS A GREAT MANY BRITISH ENAMELS WERE—FROM A PRINT: AN ENAMEL MEDALLION OF LORD RODNEY.

The advertisement of the sale at the time of this disaster runs as follows: "Beautiful enamels, coloured and uncoloured, of the new manufactory carried on at York House, Battersea, and never yet exhibited at public view, consisting of snuff-boxes of all sizes, of a great variety of patterns; of square and oval pictures of the Royal Family, history, and other pleasing subjects, very proper subjects for the cabinets of the curious; bottle tickets, with chains, for all sorts of liquors, and of different subjects; watch-cases, tooth-pick cases, coat and sleeve buttons, crosses and other curiosities, mostly mounted in metal, double gilt."

It is obvious from the above, and from the examples that have survived to the present day, that the Battersea factory was founded to produce popular trinkets which would command a ready sale and, of course, under-sell the foreigner. It is absurd to demand a standard of craftsmanship equal to the

If the history of the Battersea factory is obscure, we have even less knowledge of other places where similar work was carried out. One figure, that of the engraver, Robert Hancock, emerges with something approaching definition. He may perhaps have worked for Janssen at Battersea; and then tried his skill at Bow (the porcelain factory whose early history is almost equally obscure). Thence he moved to Worcester, becoming a partner in the famous works there until he returned to his own county, Staffordshire, where he settled down near Bilston, the seat of the other considerable enamel works in this country—so considerable, in fact, that there are unquestionably far more good pieces of Bilston enamels in existence than there are of Battersea. One can go so far as to say that Battersea excelled only in transfer-printing: dozens of later craftsmen in Staffordshire could surpass the Battersea workers in painting.

All these little boxes, scent bottles, etc., were produced with the idea of a ready sale in what would now correspond to the Burlington Arcade or the little novelty shop by the seaside. In shape and decoration they are of infinite variety, wonderfully sentimental and trivial: the best of them rival the finest porcelain in colouring—indeed, to the casual eye, they can easily be mistaken for porcelain—and not even the later examples, round about 1800, are without that indefinable charm that our descendants two hundred years hence will certainly discover in a little plate of 1930 showing a large pier and boats, and inscribed "A present from Brighton." Oddly enough, this modern formula did not find favour a century ago. Two boxes are before me as I write: one bears a picture of Lincoln Cathedral; the other of Margate, with *The British Queen*—a packet boat, of course, not Caroline—"entering the pier," but in each case the inscription is "A trifle from —."

Little verses of the Christmas-cracker standard are great favourites. Here is one—

"May love a conquest
Gain o'er you,
And I will prove
For ever true."

A picture of a man handing a present to a lady seated in an armchair is inscribed hopefully:

"This and the Giver
Are Thine for Ever."



PARTLY IN THE "ROMANTIC" TASTE, WITH PASTORAL SCENES AND RUINS; PARTLY DECORATED WITH DESIGNS FAMILIAR TO CONNOISSEURS OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PORCELAIN: "BATTERSEA" ENAMEL ÉTUIS.

Here is a "Lawyer and his agent" on the lid of an oval snuff-box: the agent is a black-horned devil. On the whole, satire is not very popular as a subject; not so patriotic scenes and inscriptions. National heroes are as common upon enamel snuff-boxes as on contemporary pottery. I illustrate a little medallion of Admiral Rodney—an example of a transfer from a print. There are many paying tribute to Nelson—a portrait of the hero, inscribed "British Gratitude to Nelson's Valour." An odd example of hero-worship is to be found in a box decorated with a portrait of Wellington which, when turned upside down, shows the face of a pretty girl.

I have already noted that the colours of the best examples are almost indistinguishable from porcelain. There is no question but that the enamellers derived their schemes from contemporary Chelsea porcelain, where a dark-blue ground colour is first heard of in 1755, pea-green in 1759, turquoise-blue and claret in 1760. As for the sources from which they obtained their designs, there are reminiscences of prints after such famous and popular painters as Pillement, Boucher, Watteau, and Lancret, to say nothing



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Photographs by Courtesy of Stoner and Evans.

of other French artists, and quite frank borrowings from engraved portraits of celebrities and topographical English prints too numerous to mention in detail.

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1827. Deep, ten-sided famille verte porcelain dish brilliantly enamelled with floral sprays both inside and out. Diameter 8½ ins. Khang H'si, 1662-1722. £18



1854. Porcelain bowl, the exterior decorated with insects and leaves on a gold ground, the interior in pale turquoise blue. On wood stand. Diameter 7 ins. Chia Ching, 1796-1820. £13



1814. Famille verte porcelain cup and saucer enamelled with a kingfisher amongst lotus plants in rouge-de-fer and emerald green, the exteriors in café-au-lait. On stand. Diameter of saucer 5 ins. Khang H'si, 1662-1722. £10

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

SERIOUS motorists are wondering whether the craze for multi-cylinder engines has not been overdone. Self-propelled carriages have grown from two-cylinder engines until now sixteen combustion chambers have appeared under the bonnet. As for sixes, eights, and twelves, they have become so general that the automobile world ceases to see any novelty in them. The question of going back to four cylinders for reasons of economy in running expenses, upkeep, and taxes generally, is beginning to be considered by the public. In America, Henry Ford sells the only four-cylinder car. But he supplies the largest proportion of vehicles to individual

buyers. In England, Morris and Austin supply 70 per cent. of the total sales, mostly in four-cylinders. Ford is also making a greater bid for this business in the United Kingdom, and has advanced his position during the past twelve months. Singer and Citroën also sell a large number of four-cylinder cars, so, as far as Great Britain is concerned, the cheaper four-cylinder market is well catered for.

It is in the larger-capacity class that queries are being raised as to whether bad times do not need greater economy in cylinders. It is difficult to get reliable data as to the respective running and upkeep costs of four-cylinder class cars such as the 4½-litre Bentley or the 2-litre Lagonda, for example, as against the six-cylinder models of equal class and performance. Enthusiasts of these respective models will retort: "They have no equals"; but such arguments do not help us to obtain the serious knowledge wanted. We cannot hide the fact that the number of cars sold during 1930 is very much below that of 1929. Why is this? No one statement, such as "bad times," really answers the query. Would it help to make large-bore, "sloppy" but powerful motors, capable of carrying seven-seated coachwork, in place of high-speed, technically efficient engines of small rating and shorter wheel-base, with less room for large bodies? Great Britain's motorists are obsessed by the horsepower tax, so cry for small ratings. But the world's greater markets are clamouring for big cars at small prices. Is the larger four-cylinder more capable of meeting the wants of the impoverished purse than the six- or eight-cylinder car? It is a problem that serious motorists will have to solve if trade generally does not revive quickly.

[Continued overleaf.]



PICTURESQUE FIGURES IN ONE OF THE EMPIRE'S FINEST HOLIDAY GROUNDS: CHIEFS OF THE KIKUYU TRIBE.

Kenya and Uganda, in addition to their position among the world's premier big-game countries, are also ideal places for the sportsman or naturalist who is in search of smaller wild animals and birds, while the angler will find well-stocked rivers. The scenery is among the most magnificent and inspiring in the world, and includes the Kenya Highlands, the Great Lakes, the "Mountains of the Moon," and the Bafumhiro volcanoes. The climate is temperate and invigorating. A complete rail and steamer service is available to all parts of Kenya and Uganda. There are good motoring roads and hotels, and the cost of living is reasonable. Those interested should communicate with the H.M. Eastern African Dependencies Trade and Information Office, Royal Mail Building, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.



PRESENTED TO MISS AMY JOHNSON BY HER NATIVE CITY OF HULL: A MOUNTED GLOBE, OF SILVER AND GOLD, COMMEMORATING HER HISTORIC FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA. As recorded on the pedestal, this beautiful mounted globe has been "Presented to Miss Amy Johnson, C.B.E., as part of a public testimonial from her native city, Hull, to commemorate the first woman's solo flight to Australia, May 5th to 24th, 1930." The globe and its mount were designed and made by Messrs. Cartier. The globe is of silver, with the countries stamped out in gold. The column, mount, and base are of silver, and the pedestal of lapis lazuli. Miss Johnson's route to Australia is marked in red enamel, and the Arms of the Corporation of Hull in enamel of blue and gold. The whole makes an exquisite memento, and was presented to her at Hull on August 11.



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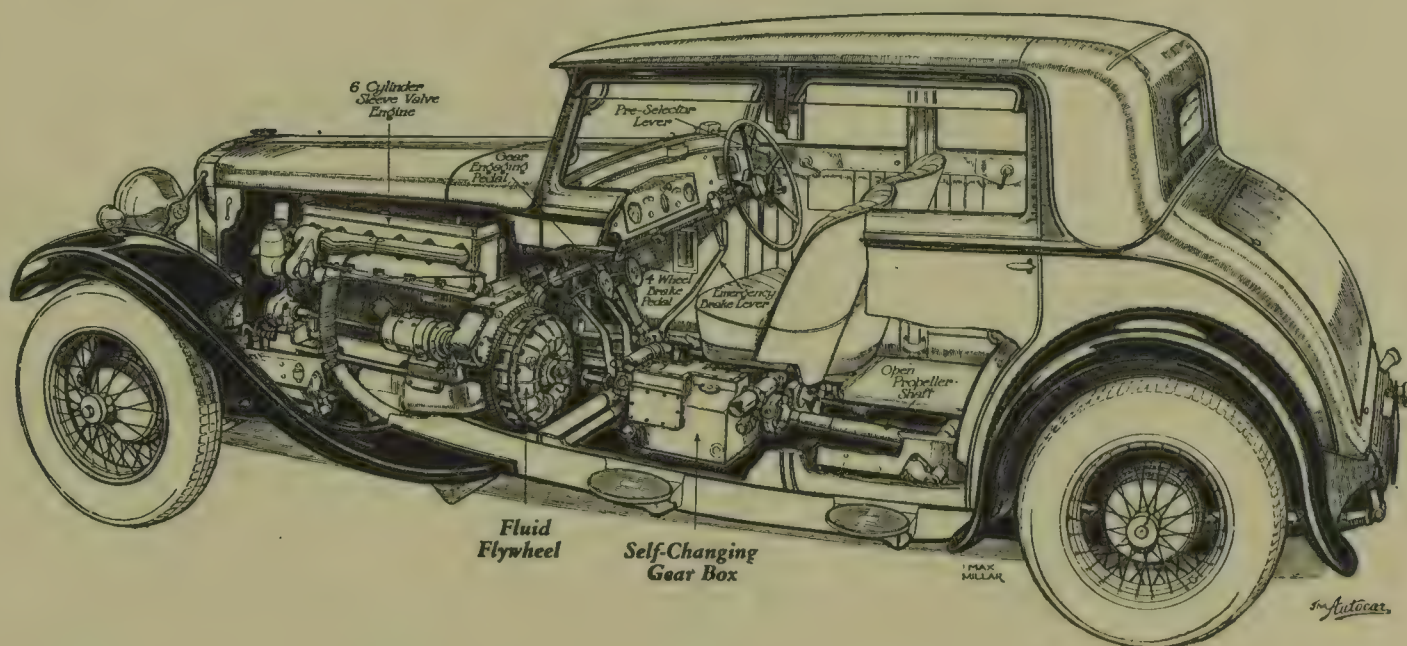
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Frederick St.

COVENTRY
Radford Works

LEEDS
59 Albion St.

Continued.]

Superchargers: Another question also arises in this difficult multi-cylinder problem: that is, in regard to the general adoption of superchargers to standard models. Take, for instance, the 2-litre Lagonda, now supercharged, or fitted with a "blower," to use the modern motorists' slang term. Its top speed when not given a forced draught to its carburettor-mixture was 70 miles an hour. The supercharged model, purchasable by anybody as it is a standard equipment, gives 80 miles an hour on third speed, and something about 95 miles an hour on top. Also, the supercharged four-cylinder 4½-litre Bentley is very little slower, if at all, than the supercharged six-cylinder 7-litre Mercédès, when the racing models are deleted from the comparison. The four-cylinder 1½-litre Lea Francis is usually considered only as a sports car when it is supercharged. But there are a large number of saloons performing the work of purely family carriages and generally driven by girls in the middle of the day, when men are at work at their offices. Again, the four-cylinder M.G. Midget and supercharged "Baby" Austin are marvels in their respective classes, although they do not enter into this field of comparison owing to their small passenger-carrying capacities. Seven-seating cars are the demand, even if all the cushioned seats are not always wanted every time the car is used. Asia demands this type, and so does South America and Australia, to say nothing of Africa. Will the supercharged "four" prove a better "horse" than the "six" or "eight" when fitted with "blowers"?

Camping Club of Great Britain. Caravanners and touring motorists who really want information as to "squatting" or camping delights on sites in Great Britain and Ireland should get in touch with that old club, the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, 2 and 3, Greville Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. Its secretary, Mr. W. F. Little, has several motor camping tours organised for August and September. These tours cover several of the most beautiful districts in the homeland, and should assure a delightful and very inexpensive holiday to motorists. Four or five sites have been provided on each tour, and a detailed itinerary will be given to each car driver before starting.

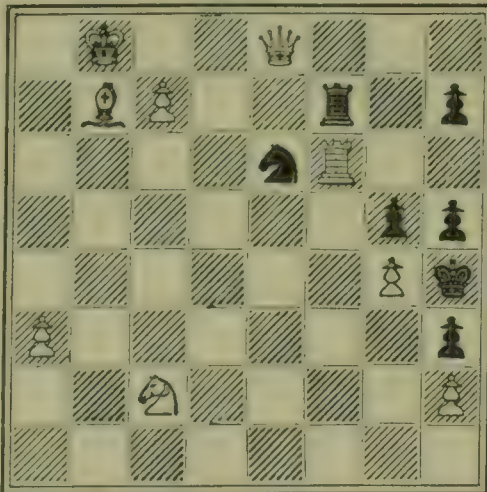
(Continued in column 3.)

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4075.—By RUDOLF L'HERMET (Schönebeck).
BLACK (7 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: rK2Q3; rBP2r1p; 4sr2; 6pp; 6Pk; P6p; 2S4P; 8.]

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

Even the masters occasionally make suicidal blunders, but the following brevity is remarkable for its resemblance to the problemist's *hari-kiri*—the self-mate. Perhaps some complex of this kind moved in the mind of Marin, the famous problem-composer, playing for Spain against Britain at Hamburg.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (F. D. Yates.) (England.)	BLACK (V. Marin.) (Spain.)	WHITE (F. D. Yates.) (England.)	BLACK (V. Marin.) (Spain.)
1. PK4	PK3.	the albatross, with result as	10. PKR3
2. PQ4	PQ4	predicted by Coleridge. might	have been more prudent.
3. KtQB3	KtKB3	11. BxPch	
4. BKKt5	BK2		
5. PK5	KtK5		
The French defence seems to have suffered a "sea-change," and the bell begins to toll.		Yates was practically forced to make this winning sacrifice, and Black resigned!! Of course, there is no defence against QR5 and KtKt5 which forces mate or wins the Queen. Amateur yachtsmen who perilously tack through the openings, beware; but take heart from the lapses of the great!	
6. BxB	QxB		
7. BQ3	Kt x Kt		
8. P x Kt	PQB4		
9. QKt4	Castles		
10. KtB3	PB5??		
The ancient proceeds to shoot			

Olympia Show :
Fewer
Car-Makers.

When the annual private-car exhibition organised annually by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders opens on Oct. 16 at Olympia, visitors will find that the number of makers showing in the motor-car section is reduced to seventy-five exhibitors, compared with eighty-six different makers in 1929. Each year sees combinations of firms and a reduction in makes owing to the necessity of a large output to make motor-building a profitable trade. This applies also to the accessory firms, so that these are now down to 302 exhibitors in place of 337 last year. Coachbuilders are reduced to 54 from 61, and tyre-makers from 16 to 15 firms. A feature that is growing in these annual motor shows is garage equipment. No fewer than 61 exhibitors figure in this section at Olympia, so actually increase the total number of stands to 522 as against 517 last year. As Olympia has now been extended in area by the addition of the new Empire Hall, the S.M.M.T. have been able to give space here to the marine-motor section. According to the preliminary list of exhibitors at Olympia recently issued by the Society, there will be 41 firms showing motor-boats in the Empire Hall. As the marine motor and the car engine are frequently made in the same works, the addition of the marine section to the car show is an admirable move on the part of the manufacturers.

High-Class
Coachwork.

High-class coach-building is still receiving the patronage of wealthy persons in all parts of the world. English coachbuilders have been famous since the days of the Romans, and are still. Consequently, I was not surprised to learn that Mr. R. I. Musselwhite is resuscitating the Cunard Motor and Carriage Co., Ltd., of which he was in charge (for the Napier Company) for many years. When Napier's ceased building car chassis and concentrated their efforts on the Napier "Lion" aero-engines, they closed down and sold the Cunard carriage works at Putney. New works are now being built for the Cunard Company in Chase Road, North Acton, London, W. There high-class specialised coachwork will be constructed on the latest and most modern lines as the equipment, in the machinery and plant installed, will be second to none. Therefore I hope to see examples of the new Cunard bodies at Olympia both in the coach-built and Weymann types.

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He'd struggled hard to start his car,
since early in the day.
His battery had short circuited,
and his starter wouldn't act,
While his starting handles absence,
was a very patent fact.

"I've had to walk ten miles" he groaned.
"I'll sell the beastly car,"
"Trouble with a battery
tries a fellow far too far.
The chief mechanic answered him,
"Oh, listen first to me,"
"Your troubles all will vanish,
if you'll use a C.A.V."
"We'll fit you up at once," he said,
"and if you'll sign this card"
"For weeks we'll watch your battery,
with a parent's fond regard."
The deed was done,
the motorist withdrew his awful threat.
And the battery being a C.A.V.
Has never failed him yet.



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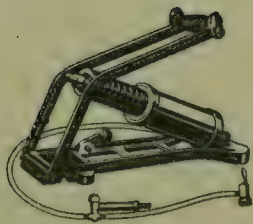
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XCIV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

AT this period of the yachting season, when the holidays are in full swing and Cowes Regatta is over, the thoughts of most owners turn to cruising. It is quite possible that, owing to some cause, the delivery of "the first boat" has only recently been obtained, so the approaching cruise will therefore be the maiden voyage of the vessel and will be made under the command of her inexperienced owner. Nothing can take the place of actual experience at sea, of course, where the handling of boats is concerned, but a few wrinkles may help the novice who is making his first venture to sea this week.

In the first place, before a vessel is "cast off" from her moorings or a jetty, it is not sufficient just to "start up" the engines and to "shove off" as with a motor-car. The engines should be run for some time previously and the water circulation watched until there is a good flow of water from the outlet pipe and it is certain that no air lock exists in the system; the water-strainer should be examined to see that it is not blocked up with weeds, a note made of the oil-pressure, and the ahead and astern gears gently engaged. When the ship is ready in all respects to "get under way," a careful note of the "set" of the tide and the direction of the wind is necessary, with special reference to the positions of any other craft in the vicinity which may be fouled on the way out of harbour. When this survey has been made, the various courses out of harbour must be decided upon, with due regard not only to the position of the various craft present, but also to that of their anchors and moorings. Should there be a boat in very close

proximity, and any doubt exists as to whether she can be evaded, she should be informed beforehand of the proposed time of departure in order that those on board can take any necessary precautions.

When lying to a single anchor, with the ship's head pointing out to sea, it is easy to get under way by simply heaving up the anchor and going ahead. If, however, the tide or wind has swung the ship so that she heads "up harbour" and there is

slowly ahead. A vessel can be turned completely round in this way in a radius depending on the amount of cable that has been paid out. It is an easy matter, therefore, to estimate beforehand the distance away of some neighbouring vessel to be avoided when turning, and adjust the length of cable accordingly.

The same procedure can be adopted when a vessel is made fast to permanent moorings by employing a rope instead of the cable. The rope used should be

doubled, so that, by letting go one end, it can be slipped quickly. When the rope is slipped in this way, however, care should be taken to guard against it fouling the propellers by steaming the boat up to the moorings and hauling the rope in at the same time till it is too short to reach the propellers when it is eventually slipped and trails astern.

An alternative way of turning a vessel round with the help of the tide or wind in a small circle when she is made fast to moorings is to lead a rope from aft to the moorings and make it fast to them. The bows are then cast off, whereupon the ship will swing round and lie in the opposite direction; she will be moored by the stern, in fact, and in turning will have described a circle with a diameter of her own length. With a little practice and forethought, and by taking every advantage offered by the tide and wind, a vessel can be pointed in practically any direction before she is cast off. A close study should be made of this branch of seamanship by novices, because, as harbours become more and more congested,

the liability of collision with other craft when leaving a berth becomes greater. Though high speed in crowded harbours and anchorages is inadmissible, it is dangerous to proceed too slowly. Enough speed must always be maintained, in other words, to afford steerage-way, and its amount will vary with each type of boat and the force and direction of the wind and tide.



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little room to turn her round, it is another matter. It is often possible on these occasions to turn a boat round by "shortening in" the cable and putting the engines slow ahead whilst the anchor is still on the bottom. She will thus steam over and beyond her anchor and it will eventually lie astern of her and tend to pull her bows round as she continues to forge

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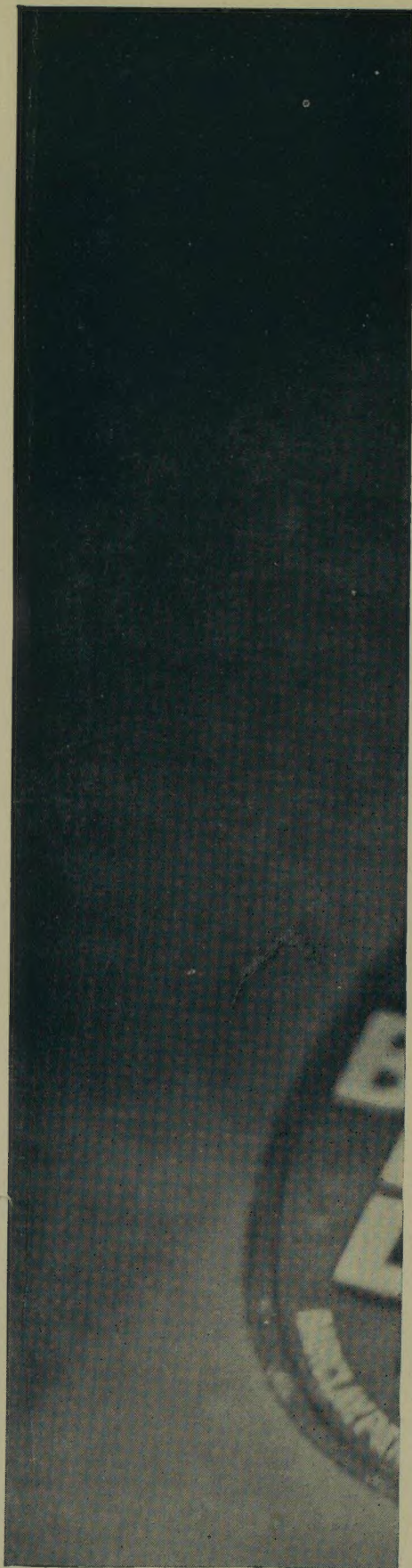
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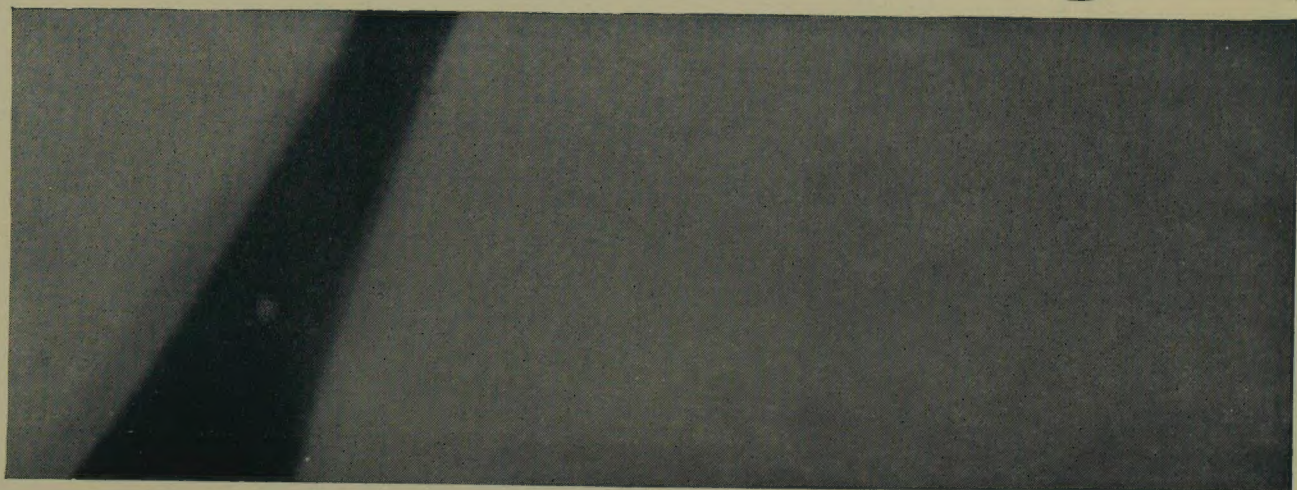
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LIGHT OR DARK—THE DRINK FOR A LORDLY THIRST

THE ENGLAND OF 1893-1910 AND 1930.

(Continued from Page 302.)

during my stay in England confirmed the explanation which from a distance had already seemed to me to be the likely one: the rapid success of the Labour Party was the sign that in England also, as on the Continent, the masses were escaping politically from the influence of the superior classes. England is continentalising herself especially in politics.

Some English people are delighted at this state of affairs, while others are in despair. To how many conjectures and opposite opinions on the present and the future have I not listened! It is only in England that the coming into power of the Labour Party has given rise to great fears and hopes; jubilation or tremors have been more or less experienced throughout the whole world. Probably this is an exaggeration. As fundamentally it is a question of a political transformation which was already accomplished in all European States at least half a century ago, one cannot see why it should produce more disastrous or more favourable results in England than in other parts of Europe. The middle and popular classes have been able throughout continental Europe to detach themselves from the superior classes, and to be represented in the State by more or less revolutionary parties, including Socialists, without throwing Europe into a state of revolution or transforming her into a Paradise. . . . Why should it be different in Great Britain?

But even if these hopes and fears are exaggerated, it is still easy to understand the anxiety which in England to-day dominates alike those who hope and those who fear. Such an important displacement in the political forces which govern the Empire demands a general reorganisation of parties, of their programmes and of their means of influence. The task is a complex one both because the old organisation, which it is necessary to reorganise, was very solid, and also because this reorganisation has to be undertaken at a moment when the mother country is at grips with internal and external difficulties.

If I had to sum up my impressions in a concise phrase, I should say that Britain now begins to perceive the immense changes which have taken place in the world and in herself during the last fifteen years. Her organisation is so complex and solid that it was able to sustain the formidable shock of the war, without immediately being too upset by it. With her optimism reinforced by two centuries of giddy success, she was able, perhaps, for a time to hope that no essential change would take place, and that she would emerge almost immune from the chaos, and in any case less harmed by it than the others. The general confusion by which Europe and America were filled, the false prosperity which was still enjoyed by the two continents

for four or five years after the war ended, helped this illusion. But the veil of that illusion is now torn away; Britain begins to see. . . .

She begins to see that among all the belligerent Powers she is the one most severely wounded by the consequences of the war. Opposing forces, which did not exist fifteen years ago, have grown up in her Empire. The fall of her former rival, Russia, instead of consolidating her position in Asia, has overthrown it: this is a surprising paradox on which one can never reflect too much. There was an Anglophile party in India, China, Turkey and Persia so long as the Muscovite giant threatened Northern Asia. Britain was then a defence, a support and a hope against the Russian danger. The Anglophile party everywhere disappeared with the Russian danger. The war wiped out the German fleet, the Russian fleet, the Austro-Hungarian fleet; but during the last ten years the American fleet has appeared. To dispute the mastery of the seas with America is more difficult than to dispute it with Germany or France, especially to-day when there no longer exists any law on the seas, and when belligerents could, according to their strength, do anything that they pleased against their adversaries and neutrals.

During the war, all countries, belligerents and neutrals alike, developed their industries, thus forming so many more competitors for the day when the super-consumption of the war should end. Before the war in 1914 it was everywhere said that any future general war would, above all, be a struggle between Britain and Germany for industrial hegemony. The two great industrial powers have fought, but the result of the struggle has been that both have lost a part of their customers, and a third party has benefited. British industry has added to the implacable competition of a growing number of competitors, and to the Customs duties, which have risen throughout the world, the enormous weight of taxes which are the consequences of the debts contracted during the war. British industry has not been able to profit by the partial bankruptcy which has made the position of Continental industries easier.

Add to this the internal political crisis, the displacement of the political forces by which the Empire is governed. . . . The country is strong and solid and has enormous means at its disposal; it will be able to overcome all its difficulties. But it is not surprising that, finding itself for the first time face to face with this immense panorama of disasters and dangers, it should momentarily be seized with anxiety and trouble. It was just in that moment of anxiety and trouble that I found England again after the lapse of twenty years. We must hope, in the supreme interest of Europe and the World, that this moment of anxiety and trouble may not last too long; and that, extricating herself quickly from her present perplexities, she will rapidly find the path towards her new history.

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 298.)

carry us along on wings of tolerant amusement. It is, moreover, quite definitely "produced" rather than "directed." Mr. Lachman's impish spirit dominates the whole with a fantastic pertinence (the temptation is to write "impertinence") that is not without allure.

Most significant, from a production point of view, of an encouraging trio is Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's "Murder!" This is a film which will receive a warm welcome from discriminating picture-goers. It does not matter that the pace is sometimes slow, some of the effects a trifle over-laboured. Such small faults are almost obliterated by the freshness of outlook, the novel and discriminating use of sound, the flashes of discerning observation, the little, poignant touches in which the production abounds. There is a jury-scene that is a masterpiece of casting and treatment; some comedy moments that are so humanly handled as to verge on the pathetic; some incidental characterisations and situations that reveal a volume of insight in a few hundred feet of film. As a feat of production artistry and unity "Murder!" will undoubtedly pass the severest tests of public criticism with flying colours. Its canvas is more limited than that of "Two Worlds," its scope as popular entertainment more restricted than that of "The Yellow Mask." If the first is an illustration of the way in which a producer cannot always see the wood for the trees, but does at least attempt to force his way through; if the second utilises the gnarled branches of convention and yet tears the flowering boughs of absurdity for a garland of defiance, the producer of "Murder!" blazes a straightforward trail that is dramatically effective from beginning to end.

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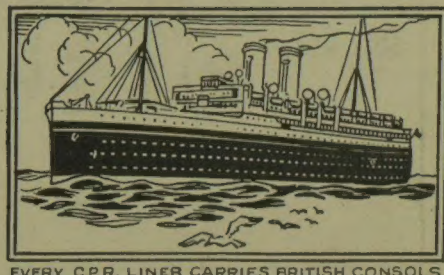
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